THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XI. NO. 24 — CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892. — PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847 50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER II.

The "Repeal Year," then had only advanced as far as the month of April. O'Connell was collecting the suffrages of an unarmed people by millions for the restoration of Irish nationhood; England had already announced, through the mouth of her premier and her commander-in-chief, that though all Ireland should demand Repeal, England's will was to hold her as a province.

We are to see what were the resources and relative strength of the two islands for the struggle which seemed impending. On the Irish side was O'Connell, with his miraculous power over the vast Catholic population of Ireland, which he wielded absolutely at his will. No country had ever seen so potent a popular leader. When he began his career, the Catholics of Ireland were a degraded race. After the defeat of the Stuarts, the capitulation of Limerick, and the breach of the Treaty concluded at that city, by imposing a code of penal laws upon Catholics, they had sunk into a state of abject submission and impotence under the operation of those laws, from which it seemed impossible ever to arise. Denied the privilege of bearing arms—forbidden education—prohibited to exercise trade or commerce in any corporate town—excluded from all professions—disqualified from holding a lease of land for a longer term than thirty-one years—and forbidden to own a horse of more than five pounds value, it was no wonder they had become impoverished in spirit as well as in means.

The immense increase in their numbers towards the end of the last century; the success of the American Revolution, and the disasters of the British arms in the Netherlands, had made it necessary to conciliate them by a relaxation of that infamous code; and when O'Connell first undertook their cause, they had been relieved from most of those restrictions; but were still excluded from parliament, the corporations, and the judicial bench. At first he had devoted himself to their service in his own profession of the law. He was the great Catholic barrister. If any tyrannical scheme of the Orange Corporation of Dublin was to be exposed and baffled; if, in any prosecution of a Catholic newspaper, the Orange judges were to be bearded on the bench, and the Orange jurors shamed in their jury box, O'Connell was the champion to whom the labor and the honor fell. It would be long to tell the series of legal battles he fought in the Four Courts and at county assizes. His tone and manner were always defiant and contemptuous. If he knew the judges were predetermined, and the jury well and truly packed, he condescended to argue no points of law; but launched out into denunciation of the whole system of law and government in Ireland; informed the jurors that they knew they were packed; charged the judges with having advised and urged on the prosecution which they pretended to try; in short, set his client and his client's case at one side as a minor and collateral affair; took all Ireland for his client; and often made judges, sheriffs, and juries feel that they were the real criminals on trial.

It is easy to understand that this conduct, if it did not save his clients, inspirited his people. All Ireland was proud of him, and felt that he had been sent as their deliverer. At length he renounced the general practice of law (which brought him in £8 000 per annum) and became a professional agitator. He established the Catholic Association, expressly to promote the emancipation of the Catholics from all remaining penal laws; and finding that his agitation produced small impression in England, he at length suddenly left Dublin on the eve of an election for Clare county; traveled day and night to Ennis; announced himself, though a proscribed Catholic, as a candidate against Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald; and easily carried the election. He then went to London, proceeded to the house of commons, and demanded to take his seat without the oaths which excluded Catholics. Of course he was refused; and a new writ was issued for a new election in Clare. He returned to Ireland, resolved to be returned again for the same county; but, before the new election, parliament was dissolved; and Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington announced their bill for emancipation of the Catholics—expressly, as the Duke avowed, to avert a civil war.

Undoubtedly this was a daring achievement and a noble triumph, and O'Connell thought the same system of agitation might at any time coerce the British government to yield all the rest. Catholic emancipation, however, it must be remembered, was a measure for the consolidation of the "British Empire;" it opened high official position to the wealthier Catholics and educated Catholic gentlemen; and thus separated their interest from that of the peasantry. But it was of the peasantry mainly that the government had any apprehension; and British ministers felt that Catholic emancipation would place this peasantry more completely in their power than ever.

Besides, emancipation had a strong party in its favor both among Irish Protestants and in England; and in yielding to it England made no sacrifice, except of her ancient grudge. To her it was positive gain. O'Connell did not bethink him that, when his agitation should be directed aimed at the "integrity of the empire," and the supremacy of the British in Ireland, it would be a different matter.

Such, however, had been his achievements. The door of parliament once opened, he made brilliant use of his privilege. At the next election he looked round the island to see where he could strike the most telling blow at the "Ascendancy." He pitched on Waterford. That county had been hitherto under the complete control of the great Orange family of Beresford, to which belongs the Marquis of Waterford. They were of the wealthiest and haughtiest of the British landlord garrison of Ireland, and predominated over the people like Pashas. O'Connell at once entered the lists against the nominee of the Beresfords, to the astonishment both of friends and foes. To the Catholic electors of Waterford themselves it seemed an act of almost godlike audacity; the long nightmare of oppression still lay upon their breasts; but his voice rung among them, and the proud defiance of an Irish Catholic flung down to the mighty house of Waterford, awoke them from their dreaming. By an overwhelming majority he trampled on the pride of Beresford; and old men embraced him with tears of joy, and women would have spread their hair beneath his feet.

This emancipation was carried in 1829 Thence till the 'Repeal Year," the people had greatly multiplied in numbers, and improved in education and spirit.

Hitherto I have spoken of all movements in Ireland as created, moved, and appropriated by this giant O'Connell. It was so; there was no man man equal to him, and none second to him. His most effective aid during the emancipation struggle was Richard Lalor Shiel, another Catholic barrister, and a man of great genius and accomplishments; but Shiel desisted from agitation after that was won. Up to the time of the ministerial declaration against repeal in April, very few members of parliament were actual members of the association; but among them was Henry Grattan, member for Meath, who brought to its ranks an illustrious name. If nothing else of great value. O'Brien still stood aloof. The working staff of the association in Dublin consisted of obscure people, generally very humble servants of O'Connell.

But within this same association there was a certain smaller association, composed of very different men. Its head and heart was Thomas Davis, a young Protestant lawyer of Cork county, who had been previously known only as a scholar and antiquarian; a zealous member of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the Archæological Society. In the autumn of '42 he and his friend John B Dillon (then a Roscommon lawyer and afterwards a New York lawyer) had projected the publication of a weekly literary and political journal of the highest class, to sustain the cause of Irish nationhood, to give it a historic and literary interest which would win and inspire the youth of the country, and above all, to conciliate the Protestants, by stripping the agitation of a certain suspicion of sectarianism, which, though disavowed by O'Connell, was naturally connected with it by reason of the antecedents of its chief.

Mr. Duffy, the editor of a provincial newspaper in Belfast, happened to be then in Dublin, on the occasion of a State prosecution against his journal, and Davis and Dillon proposed that he should undertake the ostensible editorship of the new paper; of which, however, Davis was to be the principal writer. So commenced the *Nation* newspaper; and for three years it was, next to O'Connell, the strongest power in Ireland on the national side. Its editor, Mr. Duffy, had good literary talent, great ambition, abundant vanity, but defective education. He had been connected with the press from his boyhood, had most excellent ideas about the arrangement and organization of a newspaper, and great zeal and earnestness in the cause of repeal. Dillon was a man of higher mark and greater acquirement; but both these were indolent; and in fact Davis took upon him the burden of the labor. Writing was a small part of his duty. He was indefatigable in searching out efficient recruits among the young men of his acquaintance, kindling their ambition, and filling them with the same generous spirit of mutual forgiveness for the past, and a common hope for the future, by which he designed to obliterate the religious feuds of ages and raise up a new Irish nation. Whatever was done, throughout the whole movement, to win Protestant support, was the work of Davis. His genius, his perfect unselfishness, his accomplishments, his cordial manner, his high and chivalrous character, and the dash and impetus of his writings, soon brought around him a gifted circle of young Irishmen of all religions and of none, who afterwards received the nickname of "Young Ireland." Their headquarters was the *Nation* office; and their bond of union was their proud attachment to their friend.

O'Connell knew well, and could count, this small circle of literary privateer repealers; he felt that he was receiving, for the present, a powerful support from them—the *Nation* being by far the ablest organ of the movement: but he knew also that they were outside of his influence, and did not implicitly believe his confident promises that repeal would be yielded to "agitation"—nor believe that he believed it; that they were continually seeking, by their writings, to arouse a military spirit among the people; and had most diligently promoted the formation of temperance bands with military uniforms, the practice of marching to monster meetings in ranks and squadrons, with banners, and the like; showing plainly that while they helped the Repeal Association, they fully expected that the liberties of the country must be fought for at last. O'Connell, therefore, suspected and disliked them; but could not well quarrel with them. Apparently, they worked in perfect harmony; and during all this "Repeal Year" few were aware how certainly that alliance must end. Personally, they sought no notoriety; and the *Nation* was as careful to swell O'Connell's praise, and make him the sole figure to which all eyes should turn, as any of his own creatures could be. O'Connell accepted their services to convert the "gentry," and the Protestants—they could not dispense with O'Connell, to stir and wield the multitudinous people

Here, then, was the array and the whole force at one side.

When ministers came down to parliament and pledged themselves to maintain the Union, even by civil war, they had on their side these following powers and agencies:

First—A million and a half of Protestants, most of them English or Scottish by descent; and bound to England by having been for ages maintained in a position of superiority over the Catholics Five hundred thousand of these were Presbyterians, nearly all in the northern province of Ulster. The rest belonged to the Established church; and in the hands of these last was almost all the landed property of the island. This gave them the power of life and death over the tenantry.

Second—A regular army of between 30,000 and 40,000 men, disposed in barracks and fortresses, at the principal strategic positions in the island.

Third—Another regular force of 11,000 armed and drilled police, cantoned in small police-barracks all over the country, in parties of from four to twelve. These were all picked men, well paid, partly by assessments on the counties, and partly by the treasury. A portion of them were mounted and trained to act as cavalry; and they had a complete code of signals, for communicating from station to station, by day and by night; with blue lights, red lights and other apparatus To this service was also attached a numerous corps of detective police, whose functions will be mentioned more fully hereafter.

Fourth—A Revenue Police, and Coast guard Service, with a large fleet of armed revenue cruisers.

Fifth—The Church Establishment—which is, in truth, nothing but an apanage of the aristocracy, supplying lucrative situations to many younger sons. Catholics and Presbyterians are both obliged to pay for the support of this church—not now by tithes, but in a way much more effectual, and impossible to resist or evade; namely, by a tithe rent charge, payable in the first instance by the proprietor, and then levied by distraining on the tenant. This system, together with the land laws, placed all the peasantry in the power of their landlords—that is of the government.

Sixth—The Presbyterian church must also be counted among the forces of the government. During the insurrection of 1798 the northern insurgents had been Presbyterians, all at that time zealous republicans. After the "Union" the English government had taken the precaution to make a large grant for payment of the Presbyterian clergymen; after which, that body of divines was counted on as part of the general police of the island.

Seventh—A Poor Law had been forced upon the country a few years before The island was now studded with Union workhouses, built like fortresses; and in each Union was a gang of well paid officers, all humble servants of the government.

Eighth—The system of making all education penal had been discontinued, but very carefully. There was now "National Education," under the management of a board of commissioners appointed by the government, the chairman of which board was Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin—an Englishman. He took charge of preparing and revising the school-books which were to be used; and he took care to keep out of them any, even the remotest, allusion to the history of the country, and even such extracts from well-known authors as illustrate or celebrate the virtue of patriotism in any country. The 3,000 national school teachers, paid by the government, were 3,000 more servants of the government; and the system required in the schools was, as we see, carefully calculated to crush every spark of national feeling.

Ninth—The only investment of their small savings which industrious people could make was in the savings banks (land being unpurchaseable in small lots); and the savings banks are government institutions. The law requires them to invest the money deposited with them in the public funds; and so every depositor, feeling that his little all is in the power of the English government, is to that extent interested in maintaining its credit and stability.

Tenth—The sheriffs are nominees of the crown; and the sheriffs arrange the juries. In England every corporate city elects its own sheriff: but in the "Municipal Reform Bill" for Ireland this power was reserved to the crown. It is in the city of Dublin that State prosecutions are usually tried; and the sheriff of Dublin is always a creature of the government. The use of this is too obvious.

Eleventh—And best of all—for even the other ten arrangements, though you may think they give England a tolerably strong grasp of the little island, could not have been relied upon without this—a system of Disarming Acts. I have mentioned that on the same day the ministers declared in the queen's name that the Union must at all hazards be maintained, Lord Eliot introduced a new "Arms Bill" for Ireland. Ever since the Union it had been thought necessary by the British government to have stringent laws in force to prevent "improper persons" from possessing arms—that is, persons supposed to be disaffected—that is, the great majority of the population. I shall not detail the long series of acts for this purpose, with their continual amendments; but simply describe the provisions of this new one, which Lord Eliot recommended in the house of commons, by the remark: "That it was substantially similar to what had been the law in Ireland for half a century," (June 15), and again, (June 26), "He would ask the noble lord to compare it with the bill of 1838, and to point out the difference. In fact, this was milder." This mild act, then, provided: that no man could keep arms of any sort, without first having a certificate from two householders, "rated to the poor" at above £20, and then producing that certificate to the justices at sessions (said justices being all appointed by the crown, and all "sure" men); and then—if the justices permitted the applicant to keep arms at all—they were to be registered and branded by the police After that they could not be removed, sold, or inherited, without new registry. And every conversation respecting these arms in which a man should not tell truly whatever he might be asked by any policeman, subjected the delinquent to penalties. To have a pike or spear, "or instrument serving for a pike or spear," was an offense punishable by transportation for seven years. Domiciliary visits by the police might be ordered by any magistrate "on suspicion;" whereupon any man's house might be broken into by day or night, and his very bed searched for concealed arms. Blacksmiths were required to take out licenses, similar to those for keeping arms, and under the same penalties; in order that the workers in so dangerous a metal as iron might be known and approved persons. And to crown the code, if any weapon should be found in any house, or out-house, or stack yard, the occupier was to be convicted, unless he could prove that it was there without his knowledge.

Such had been "substantially the law of Ireland for half a century." The idea of arms had come to be associated in the people's minds with handcuffs, jails, petty sessions, and transportation; a good device for killing the manly spirit of a nation

There is, however, one precedent for the Arms Bill in history. The Israelites were forty years under the dominion of the Philistines; and we read in 1st Samuel, c. 13: "Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel; for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords and spears."

Review, now, those eleven arms of British power; and say whether it was an easy enterprise to tear Ireland out of their iron grip.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

SEXTON'S SPEECH.

Concluding Portion of the Splendid Address in Which the Irish Orator Demolished Balfour's Fraudulent Bill.

Masterly Expose of the Curse of British Rule in Ireland.

Following is the full text of the peroration of Thomas Sexton's speech, delivered in opposition to the Irish Local Government bill in the English house of commons, on May 19:

Without the consent of the standing joint committee, the county council cannot remove, cannot suspend, cannot reduce the salary of any existing officer nor can they dictate to any officer the performance of any duty, except those directed under a scheme that has been approved by the standing joint committee (loud cheers) Is it to be supposed that a council so thwarted and so hampered on every hand will be able to exact obedience or respect from the persons nominally in their employment, or be able to conduct the business of any county in an efficient and orderly manner? (cheers.) The appointment of county secretary, his salary, his duties, the question of his removal are all at the discretion of the standing joint committee. Without their consent the salary of the county surveyor cannot be reduced, nor can he be removed from office. You propose to place these county councils of Ireland in

A POSITION OF IMPOTENCE

in regard to the county, and that of helplessness in regard to their own nominal servants. "If any question arises"—I quote the bill—"or is about to arise as to whether the consent of the standing joint committee is or is not required in any case, that question may, on the application of any standing joint committee, be submitted for the decision of the High court, and the court having heard the parties and taken such evidence, if any, as it thinks fit shall decide the question." And observe this: that as the standing joint committee has no funds at its command, the county councils are bound to pay all their expenses. It would be a case of "heads you win, tails I lose," for in any case the county would have to pay the costs (laughter.) I have carefully examined every word and syllable of the bill, and I have endeavored to discover what in the world the county council can do of its own authority. I have not thought it needful to refer to the network of provisions relating to the treasury and the local government board, the board of works, and the lord lieutenant and various other officials of high and low degree by which the county council is encompassed in the pursuit of their dangerous functions. The conclusion to which I have come after careful study of the bill is that it would not be just to say that county councils in Ireland would have no power wholly resident in themselves.

THEY WOULD HAVE THE POWER TO CREATE STONES

(laughter) in limited quantities (renewed laughter), provided it did not involve any capital expended or liability (cheers and laughter.) Having broken those stones they might spread them upon the roads, not all roads, but some roads (laughter.) It would be very dangerous for them to spread them on all roads in the county, and if they ventured to spread them upon any road which was discovered not to have been previously repaired, the High court would be speedily down upon them (laughter) But speaking generally they will be pretty safe in breaking stones. There is on y one other power they could safely exercise. I don't think they would be safe in using the powers of justices in regard to any sudden damage to roads, and I also think they would not be safe in exercising the powers given to them under the Rivers Pollution act, which might involve the construction of a drain, but in addition to the power of breaking stones they had undoubtedly the power of dealing with destructive insects (roars of laughter) under the Destructive Insects act, 1877, provided that these insects are not so formidable, or do not exist in such large numbers as to involve any capital expenditure (renewed laughter.) While we are duly thankful for these two powers of breaking stones and dealing with destructive insects, which unquestionably are given to the sole care of the county councils under this bill, we in Ireland consider that even in the sphere of local administration, we have a right to aspirations more extensive (cheers), and my declination would be to present the destructive insects with my compliments to the first lord of the treasury and let him dispose of them according to his own ideas (laughter.) What reason can be assigned for this

UNPRECEDENTED AND UNPARALLELED INTERFERENCE

with the work of the representatives of the people? Why should not the ordinary law be sufficient in Ireland as in England or in Scotland? Why should Irishmen be supposed to be more naturally corrupt, dishonest or criminal than any others? Have members the least idea of the powers of the ordinary law in regard to public bodies in Ireland? In the first place the county council must levy an equal poundage rate on all property liable to county cess, so that it is not open to them to discriminate to the prejudice of any class, any cess payer or any person entitled to the receipt of rent out of which county cess should be paid. An appeal to sessions can be taken as to any rate, and if it is wrongly levied cause it to be quashed. Any person affected may traverse before the High court any order of payment made by the county council, any person affected may present a memorial to the superior authority either against an order for the execution of any works, or to remedy a failure to execute any works, and the higher authority may direct the county council not to proceed with those works or to proceed with them as the case may be. Then there comes the public audit every year. The public auditor has power to disallow any illegal or improper expenditure, and by surcharge to make the members of the council responsible for such illegal or improper expenditure, and to pay it out of their own pockets. Then there are the powers of the ordinary law against corruption, malversation or disobedience to the law itself. Finally the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland, as in England, has by mandamus absolute and ample power to deal with any question of excess of function, or misuse of function on the part of a local body, and by imprisonment to compel obedience to its orders. It is upon this accumulation of powers which no one can pretend to be insufficient for their purpose that the powers of the standing joint committee have been superimposed, and it is upon these proposed powers that a further proposal has been made, a proposal I believe unparalleled in the history of the civilized world, that the rights and existence of 200 public bodies in Ireland, 33 county councils and 160 baronial councils should be placed at

THE ABSOLUTE MERCY OF TWO JUDGES

upon matters not merely of corruption or malversation or disobedience to the law, but also in cases of "oppression," a word not yet defined by any law, a word which relates to matters of prejudice and matters of opinion, and not to matters of crime. These two judges are to have power to disqualify any council, to turn the council out of doors, to terminate their official life, to ruin any man or men among them by the imposition of legal costs, and to disfranchise by their mere dictum the whole body of electors of the council. I scorn to argue against such a proposal (cheers) I say it is an insult to the Irish people (cheers.) I say that if your scheme were as perfect as it is absurd in every other particular, this one provision alone would entitle us and compel us to

THROW YOUR BILL BACK TO YOU

(loud cheers.) This bill, so far as it is not openly repressive, is a mere elaborate delusion. It professes to give an increase of liberty. What it does provide for us is a further development of coercion. It professes to extend elective local government. What it does provide is an ingenious and intricate network of elaborate provisions to render that power abortive. Under the pretense of extending local government, it would give to the judiciary an arbitrary power over the rights of the electors, over the franchise of the electors and over the powers of their representatives. It would give to them that power not simply in matters of crime, or of offense, but in matters of prejudice and of opinion not cognizable now by any court, and not known at present to any law in this country. This bill, instead of improving the situation of Ireland, would provide for the perpetuation of the ascendant class in Ireland, and provide for it in the most offensive and prejudicial form, by setting up in every county in Ireland a nominated majority of irresponsible persons to overrule and set at naught the whole of the elected representatives (loud cheers.)

THE IRISH PEOPLE REJECT THE BILL WITH CONTEMPT.

They have received it without surprise, because they expected nothing better from its authors, from the men who for the last five years, in the interest of the greed and tyranny of a class, have defamed them, and insulted them, and scourged them. I ask the house to reject the bill, not only upon the grounds I have laid before it, but also because it is an affront both to parliament and to the country. I say it is an affront to the country, because it violates in all essential particulars the pledges given six years ago by the Tory party to the electors of this kingdom. I say it is an affront to parliament, because it violates, in every essential particular, the pledge and undertaking given at the opening of this session in the speech from the Throne (loud cheers.)

The Collapse of a Rotten Tenement,

With crumbling foundation and shaky, bulging walls, is not more certainly to be looked for than the sudden giving way of a constitution sapped by overwork, unremitting anxiety or exposure to hardship and malign climatic influences. Against the disastrous effects of each and all of these, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an effectual safeguard. It fortifies the system against them by infusing into it fresh vigor begotten of renewed and complete digestion and assimilation of the food, and its consequent reparative action upon the exhausted tissues and impoverished circulation. No preparative for the undergoing, without injury, of an unusual amount of bodily or mental work, no means of averting malarial infection, or disorders born of bad diet and impure water equals this superlatively fine defensive invigorant. Take it for dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, kidney trouble, la grippe.

"Is this hot enough for you?" is a silly question; but if you meet a man who complains of suffering from the heat, ten to one you will find, on inquiry, that he does not use Ayer's Sarsaparilla to tone up his system and free his blood from irritating humors.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine for June is brim full of excellent articles. The leading article is on Rev. Minot J. Savage and Evolution, by R L R. Rev. James Halpin, C.C., continues his subject on the Irish Crisis. Rev. Thomas Mulvany, of St Francis College, Brooklyn, N.Y., writes on Manliness. There is a biographical sketch of Patrick Egan, by J M.T., with portrait. The other leading articles are: "Our Catholic Deaf Mutes, their Condition and Necessities;" "The Basilica of St. Patrick in Rome," illustrated; "Catholics in Congress;" "Holy Water." Together with a great variety of other articles, including the Juvenile Department. The price of this magazine is only $2 a year; $1 for six months. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

FATHER HAGAN'S NEW CHURCH.

Dedication of the Church of St. Xavier in LaGrange.

The pretty suburb of LaGrange has now the most unique church in the vicinity of Chicago. It is the new church of St. Francis Xavier, which was consecrated by the archbishop of the see of Chicago, the Most. Rev. P. A. Feehan, Sunday morning last. The church, though small, with a seating capacity of about 400, is as near pure Gothic as the restrictions of the age will permit, and its interior adornment is beautiful. The building is of frame construction, high gabled, and provided with a genuine Gothic porch, which adds materially to the beauty of the edifice.

All present were impressed with the beauty of its mural decorations. The walls are finished in plaster—finished in a warm cream and buff. The ornamental work is Gothic floriated scrolls, in delicate pink and green, with pure gold relief. The vaulted nave is beautified by four artistic panels, symbolic of notable events in ecclesiastical history, the work of John C. W. Rhode, by whom all the designing was done. The apse is the feature of the edifice. Its ceiling is a concave vault decorated in red and lighted by a multifold window representing the adoration of St. Francis Xavier by an East Indian native, and containing the motto: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." The choir is illuminated by a trefoil window representing St. Cecilia. Nearly every window in the church commemorates some departed Catholic, among them John M. Cook, George M. Cossitt, John O'Reilly, Walter F. Simons and Miss Jane G. Fox. The altar is in pure white and gold, mainly Gothic in style, yet partaking somewhat of the ornamental features of the Norman renaissance. The tabernacle front has a bas-relief representing Da Vinci's "Last Supper." An image, in polychrome sculpture, of the patron saint of the church, is the central feature of the chancel, but the shrines of the holy family are as ornate as, though necessarily subordinate to, the altar itself.

At 9:15 o'clock the archbishop, accompanied by 200 Foresters of St. Stephen's and Barrett courts, and many communicants of St. Malachi's church left the city for LaGrange. On arriving, the archiepiscopal party took carriages and, preceded by the Normania band, the company proceeded to the church. The archiepiscopal party entered the chancel at 10:30 o'clock, the archbishop attended by acolytes, crucifers, thurifers, and the priests of the mass—Father Muldoon, master of ceremonies; Father J. M. Cartan, celebrant; and Father Daniel Burke, sermoner, and the pastor, Father J.M. Hagan. The archbishop, having been vested in armice, stole, cope and mitre, proceeded to the porch and read a prayer of consecration, after that making the circuit of the outer walls and consecrating them with holy water. Re-entering the edifice, the litanies of the saints were sung, the prayer of dedication was said and the archbishop sprinkled the inner walls, concluding his holy office with the oblation of thanksgiving. La Heche's "Messa Pro Pace" was then sung. Mrs. Corcoran, Miss Castle and Mr. Langlois sang the "Veni Creator," Miss Kalkman the "Ave Maria," Mr. Castle the "O Salutaris," and Miss Collinan, Mr. Langlois and Mr. Castle the "Agnus Dei."

Meantime the sacrament of the holy eucharist was administered by Father Cartan, the celebrant. Dr. Burke preached the sermon. He said:

"Today we celebrate the feast of pentecost. It is the very day in which the apostles were filled with the holy ghost. You celebrate also an event of somewhat similar import. The holy ghost came to enable the apostles to save the souls of men, and in dedicating this church you hope and pray that it may become the center of apostolic zeal and grace. From this day this house is no ordinary house, but God's temple and dwelling place. As we value the sacrament and prayer we should value this church. Here your children will be born of the holy ghost and united with the mystic body of the church; here they will receive the eucharist, and as they advance in years here they will come to confess their sins and receive divine absolution; here they will be united in wedlock, and here mass will be said over all that is mortal of them when their lives are gone out."

Archbishop Feehan spoke a few gratulatory words: "This church is an honor to the town. It is one of the most beautiful churches in the archdiocese, and I may well congratulate you. Beauty is in accordance with our faith and it is fitting that the temple of God should excel in beauty. This spirit has pervaded the Catholic church. The beginning of this church may be small, but a small body closely knitted together may often do better than a great body not well united. I congratulate you."

After the pontifical mass the archbishop and priests partook of luncheon with Father Hagan, and the ladies of the parish ministered to the needs of the visitors.

Father Hagan, a former president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, is one of the foremost temperance advocates in this country. To his energy the prosperity of St. Francis Xavier parish is wholly due.

Four of the tenants who were evicted off the O'Grady estate at Herbertstown about five years ago, after adopting the plan of campaign, the no-rent manifesto, etc., have been reinstated in their holdings.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued)

As Fergus O'Ronan stood with others earnestly watching the chase, there chillingly recurred to him the mysterious warning addressed to Miler by the weird beldame whose unhallowed work they had interrupted that night in Errew. Again there rose before him the memory of her wizened face, her gleaming, yellow teeth, her lean, pointing finger, and her strange, warning words. He had learned that the repulsive witch was the outlaw's unhappy sister. Her words had been—

"Beware of the Clochar-na-h'il!"

"My life on it, he will foil them yet," exclaimed Lally; "come—give him a cheer, boys!"

He waved his hat and shouted encouragingly to the fugitive, and his example was enthusiastically followed by the band of recruits, now again grouped together. Fergus cheered with the rest, but nevertheless he could not shake off the sudden sense of dread that had seized him.

"Heaven grant," he mentally ejaculated, "that the unfortunate man is not rushing to his doom!"

Suddenly the Rapparee slipped and fell!

A cry of alarm rang from the hillside, a yell of exultation from the pursuers, but he was up again instantaneously and rushed towards the stepping-stones, Ormsby close at his heels.

Without a moment's hesitation he sprang on to the nearest of the stones, swayed to and fro upon it, and, then bounding forward, gained another and another:

"Though Duvowen was rising fast
And the shaking stones o'ercast
By cold floods boiling past."

But now there were several floundering splashes, and Ormsby, with a desperate spurt, had reached him and grasped him eagerly by the shoulder.

"Halt, your rev'rence—the game is up!"

For the first time since his start the Rapparee turned his face towards his pursuer, and an instant cry of alarm burst from the lips of Wat.

"Help! help!" he pantingly shouted to the soldiers, who were now lining the bank, their muskets ready for action. "Help, boys—'tis Barrett the Rapparee!"

"Shoot him, boys—shoot him!" he yelled frantically, affrighted at his thus catching a Tartar, and a desperate struggle ensued upon the slippery stones, the wild flood boiling whitely round the two combatants. None of the soldiers cared to plunge into the torrent, and venture to the help of the priest hunter, and they dared not fire for fear of injuring the latter.

At length there was a swift flashing of falling steel; a shriek of mortal pain rang on the air, and the corpse of the priest-hunter fell with a loud splash into the torrent.

For a moment, and a moment only, the Rapparee stood alone on the stones, a reddened blade gleaming in his hand. The next there rang out the reports of a pattering, irregular volley, several thin smoke wreaths drifted up from the bank of the stream, and a second lifeless body was being whirled down the rushing Duvowen.

The chase was at an end.

"Lord have mercy on him!" exclaimed several of the Wild Geese with much fervor.

"Amen with all my heart," said Lally; "Miler showed lion-like courage to the last. All is over with the bold Rapparee. No further need have we for waiting. These fellows below may turn their attention to us at any moment, and we could do little against their fusils. Let us make for the coast and the Granuwail."

The party again resumed their route, which soon took them through the picturesque glen—known to the ancient topographers as the Glen of the Cairn. It was a spacious vale lying along the base of a range of lofty hills sweeping inward from the sea. A mountain stream traversed it, a huge fantastic pile of rock overlooked it from the one side, and a lone ivied tower stood sentinel-like in the centre, beneath the shadow of the hills—a castle inhabited in 1617 by William Bourke, descendant of Thomas Roe. But now the beauties of the glen lay hidden beneath the season's winding sheet of snow; the foam flecked sea arose a dark blue band beyond the glare of the whitened country.

In the evening the party reached a cabin on the seashore, where they did full justice to an ample meal that was provided for them. It was a very cheerful and comfortable mess. A large fire of glowing peat and blazing bog-deal lit up the interior of the cabin. Among the drinks placed before them on the rough table was some very excellent brandy.

"*Allons, mes comrades!* this is quite regal—a sure token of the lively little Granuwail," said Lally, smacking his lips approvingly when he had drunk some of the liquor from a wooden noggin.

"Good stuff, by the powers!" coincided the proprietor of the cabin, a swarthy, bristly-chinned peasant of half-nautical cut; "devil anything better can be got hereabouts—barring poteen."

'I sent Capt. Barney a message from Rappa—he got it all right, I trust?" inquired Lally of the latter.

"Faith he did that—every word of it—and if he's not here in a few minutes to meet you, you may call me first cousin to King Billy. 'Tis lucky, though, you came tonight, for if you'd waited till tomorrow I'm afeard it would be a day after the market with the whole of ye."

"How so?"

"Because a patrol of horse soldiers have been scouring the shore for the last day or two, and it was only by the narrowest scrape we managed to put them off the track. *Corp an diaoul!* another yard or two and they were right into the cave."

"*Ma foi!* I should be sorry if poor Barney had lost his cargo."

"So should I, Captain; but he didn't—not one keg or runlet of it. Everything is as snug and comfortable as you please; the schooner is only waiting or ye to get on board; and I defy Lindsay and his fox hunters to find eve——"

"Lindsay!"

"Yes, Captain avourneen. Lindsay of Belleek was riding with them."

"*Tonnerre de guerre!*"

Lally shot a meaning look at O'Ronan. The latter clenched his hand and knitted his brows as he recollected the death of his mother and what had led to it—recollected Lindsay's command to fire on that melancholy night.

"The murderer!" he exclaimed, "if he come within reach of my arm I shall slay him like a dog."

"Here they are at last—the captain and mate of the Granuwail!" said the man of the house as the door opened and two men entered—one a stout, bluff individual in a large, flap leaved hat, heavy jacket, a kind of braided petticoat, and high boots; the other a dark-visaged little Frenchman, gay in red worsted night-cap and striped stockings.

"Well met, your honor," said "Captain Barney," in a deep, hearty voice; "I was beginning to feel a bit uneasy on your account, and as for Pierre, why, he was going out of his skin with anxiety, thinking the lobsters had got their claws on you!"

"Lobsters' claws on me!"

'*Oui mon Captaine*," explained Pierre, "les lobstaires—Lindsay's lobstaires—ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh! no fear of that, Pierre; his lobsters are too clumsy by half."

"These are my cargo of Wild Geese, eh?" inquired the skipper of the Granuwail as his eye wandered round the groups of recruits for the Brigade. "Ia trota, a fine set of gossoons. Well, we had better get on board at once."

"Very good. But, first we will drink ourselves a safe voyage to *la belle France*. Fill every bumper"—and Lally set the example. "*Bon voyage—bon voyage*, Captain; the same to you, Pierre."

'*Bon voyage, Captaine!*'

"Success to old Ireland! Success to King James and confusion to his enemies! Success to France and King Louis! Success, honor, and renown to the departing Wild Geese!"

A hearty cheer pealed round the cabin, in the midst of which the present owner rushed in with alarm painted in his face.

"Off ye go!" he cried; "make for the cove at once. Here come the dragoons!"

"Oa, they don't frighten us much," rejoined the skipper coolly; "perhaps if it came to a scratch we might give a fair account of them. Anyhow to prevent your getting into trouble we may as well take your advice; so come along, boys, I'll pilot you to the cove."

The party quitted the cabin and took their way to the shore. As they did so they heard the beat of horses' hoofs in the distance. On reaching a small cove where some boats lay waiting they all embarked, and were soon on board the Granuwail—a small smuggling craft which did a considerable trade with the Western shores.

The sails were set, the yards braced round to the wind, and the waves hissed and foamed under the bows as the vessel began to move. With heart full charged with emotion Fergus O'Ronan leant on the bulwarks and cast a fond parting look on the shore that was becoming so dim and indistinct in the darkness. As he did so one of his comrades began to sing a melody whose every note struck a responsive chord in his breast. It was the sweet, tender "lament of Lavelle," and while he listened to it the shore disappeared in the darkness—

"There are altered girls in Irrul now; 'tis
proud they're grown and high,
With their hair bags and their top-knots,
for I pass their buckles by—
But its little now I heed their airs, for God
will have it so
That I must depart for foreign lands, and
leave my sweet Mayo.

"'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is
not Earl of Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as
lord upon the hill;
And that Col. Hugh Mac Grady should be
lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly, from the
county of Mayo."

BOOK II.

"FAR FOREIGN FIELDS."

CHAPTER I.

'A lively place, this, sergeant, and no mistake."

"A lively place, indeed, Murty; a pleasant change from our dull round of garrison duty at Dunkirk. What would you say to being quartered here for a season?"

"Quartered in Paris! Troth, I'm thinking 'twould be fine fun entirely, and I'd like it with a heart and a half. *Hurriagh!* I'm sick of that old seaport town with its battlements and cannon and ships, sick of waiting for the order that was to send us across the Channel to win his grandfather's crown for Prince Charlie—sure, moryah! 'twas nicely humbugged we were over the same order—and if we were let see a bit of life here for a while, if only for variety's sake, I wouldn't have one taste of an objection."

"But remember this much, Murty—you wouldn't find this place as healthy as Dunkirk."

"Bathershin—but sure we'd chance that for the sake of a trifle of diversion. But the streets here are mighty narrow—narrower even than the boreens in the old country; by the wig of George of Hanover, a man has need to squeeze his shoulders to make any way at all through them! Hullo—I told you so. Look out, Fergus, your soul to glory, if you don't want to be crushed into *brooteen*."

Two young soldiers who were strolling arm in arm through the streets of the French capital, and whose scarlet uniforms showed them to belong to the Irish Brigade in the service of King Louis, drew into a convenient archway to avoid being crushed by the wheels of a large carriage, an equipage gorgeous in color and gilding, that came slowly along the street, drawn by six magnificent steeds.

"Murder alive! a grander coach I never saw in my life!" ejaculated Corporal Mac Andrew—of course the reader has recognized both the warriors—"and the lady inside, all afire with jewelry, och, isn't she the dazzler! Who under the sun can she be, sergeant?"

"Hush—'tis the king's favorite, Madame de Pompadour," replied Fergus, as, at a signal to the coachman from a mounted officer of the Carbineers, the gilded equipage came to a standstill nearly opposite the archway. The officer doffed his plumed hat, rode up to the window of the carriage, and held a short, mirthful conversation with its fair occupant. Some fragments of their discourse reached the ears of our sergeant and corporal.

"*Ma foi, mon preux chevalier!* I see you are a man of enterprise. Tonight, say you? What a pretty stir the affair will cause! Beware, *mon ami*; your *inamorata's* people are very proud and passionate; the *pur sang* of Picardy is not to be trifled with without peril. Well—success!"

"*Merci madame!* With your benison I should be a dastard not to succeed.

'*Cela va sans dire*. *Au revoir, chevalier*; a thousand thanks for making me your *confidante* in the matter."

"*Au revoir, madame!*'

The Carbineer kissed the white jeweled hand that was extended to him, and rode off along the street, while the carriage resumed its journey, and rolled off in the opposite direction.

"That is the Chevalier de Riveul," remarked O'Ronan as he and his companion continued their walk. "I was pointed him out this morning at the Louvre—a dashing young spark, well versed in the science of Court intrigue, and a worthy nephew of his uncle, Saxe."

The street they were traversing was the Rue Jacques, in the classic Quarter Latin, on the slope of the Mountain St Genevieve. The day was the first of may, 1743. The sky was blue and serene as ever was summer sky, and the sun shone its golden light with fine picturesque effect upon the quaint street, which lay half in gloom, half in brightness, the rays falling salant one row of peaked and projecting gables to illumine the opposite ones, with their red-tile crowns, and curious cage work arrangement of beams, and diamond-paned casements. At frequent intervals a swinging signboard showed its painted figures and gilt lettering in the brilliant sunshine. In the *coup d'œuil* afforded by the end of the street stretched away a blueish perspective of towers and steeples and sharp pointed roofs, distance subduing their numerous hues of red and white, grey, brown, and orange.

On strolled the pair, rubbing shoulders with other militaries, in gay uniforms of various combinations of red, white, and blue, with clergy and bourgeois, mountebanks and grisettes, until, on emerging into the Rue St. Etienne des Gres (the present Rue Cujas), an exclamation of wonder and admiration burst from Mac Andrew.

"*M'anam go'n Dhia*, a fine sight! What a change from poor old Ireland!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

SALISBURY'S MONSTROSITY.

[*To the Editor.*]

Ever since the history of the human race began to be recorded patriotism of country, as well as religious prejudices, have been subordinated in the interests of individuals, and clans-systems; and one half of the people in the world, willing to cut the throats of the other half at the bidding of supposed higher intelligences. "The loyalty" of the Scottish people was won by the preference given to one of its gillies to act as handmaiden to royalty. The English race with its bull dog propensities have been led into foreign conquests to teach them forgetfulness of their own miseries. Religious hatred of Roman Catholicism was encouraged by dissenting leaders, and the government maintained peace, by arming one class against another in the so-called interests of law and order. The Protestant creed was declared national, and every other offshoot creed, from the parent stem, was permitted to persecute the Christian creed of Roman Catholicism. A political religious sect of intolerant bigots was organized under the name of Orangemen, and an oath more binding to English royalty than to God was administered to each fanatic enrolled in the devil's cause. A majority of co-religionists in Ireland were subjected to every species of indignity by this bigoted minority, and every place of chief emolument and trust monopolized by this special sect of perverted humanity. By and with the sanction of the home government it administered the laws, controlled the sword and the press, engendered and kept alive religious animosities, and made Ireland a byword among nations and a place of desolation for its children.

The demand for Home Rule having at last permeated the consciences of the British masses, they are now told by Salisbury that the British government could not consent to place one million of Irish bigots subject to the judgment and political direction of over four millions of souls who have suffered every wrong and violence at the hands of a cat't-paw minority. Too thin, Mr. Salisbury. I can hardly think my countrymen capable of being caught by such preposterous nonsense, for have not the English people consisting of over twenty six millions been enslaved and used by less than half a million of titled creatures and landlords? Too thin; the time for stuffing is past; unjust prejudice will not cause men to battle against each other any more in the interests of mere royalty or sects. The cause of Ireland is that of England, Scotland and Wales, not that of the Prince of Wales or his mother, or the church which represents them.

ENGLISH LIBERAL.

GAELIC POETRY.

Muirnin Na Gruaige Baine.

A m-baile na h-inse shiar,
Atá mo ghrádh le bliadhain,
Is áilne i 'ná grian an t-Samhra;
'S go bh-fásann mil 'nna diaigh,
Air lorg a cos 'san t-sliabh
Dá fhuaire an uair taréis na Samhna,
Do gheabhainn gan stad mo chiall
Dá ngabhainn i am' líon,
A's chuirfinn-se an brón-sa dhiom gan
buaidhreadh;
Air chómhairle rugadh riamh,
Ní phósfad acht mo mhian,
'S í muirnín na gruaige báine.

Ag droichead na h-aibhne móire,
Chonnairceas-sa mo stórach,
Ainnfhir dheas na n-ór-fholt bh-fáinneach;
'S go m-ba mhise go fada a póg,
'Ná mil 's 'ná súcra air bórd,
'S 'ná deagh-bhlas tóghail fíon Spáinneach.
A dá chíoch chorra, chruinn,
Bhán, mhilis, chúmhra, bhreágh,
Mar shneachta bhíódh dhá chárnadh air
shléibhtibh.
'S go ngoireann an chuach gach am,
A lár an Ghleimhridh thall,
'San m-baile m-bídheann mo ghrádh d'á
bréagadh.

Dá bh-fághainn-se mo rogha,
De mhnáibh deasa an domhain,
Agus fághaim orra roghain shásta;—
'S i réir mar a deir na leabhair,
Tá 'n craebh aici ós a g-cionn,
'S táid na ceuda fear go dúbhach a ngrádh
léi;
'S é a samhail-seo do moladh;
Leis an g-céad rígh Solamh;
'S is aici-sí tá 'n rosg is áilne;—
Réidhtigh-sí mo dhochar,
'Gus saor mé ó bhás obann,
A mhuirnín na gruaige báine.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Escanaba, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

At Dundalk, recently, his Grace, the Primate, Most Rev. Dr. Logue, conferred the black veil upon three young ladies, who made their religious profession at the Convent of Mercy, Dundalk. The ladies professed were Miss Boyle (in religion, Sister Mary Philomena), daughter of Mr. M. Boyle, Inland Revenue; Miss Farrell, Toomevara, county Tipperary (in religion, Sister M. Paula), and Miss Dignan Mullingar (in religion, Sister Mary Ita).

The solemn ceremony of Profession took place on the 7th ult., in the handsome chapel attached to the Mercy Convent, Galway. The Lord Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, officiated, and was assisted by the Rev. Father Dooley, P. P. The young lady who had the happiness of making her final vows, receiving the black veil from his lordship, and being professed a member of the pious community, was Miss Arundel (in religion, Sister Mary Brendan), eldest daughter of Mr. M Arundel, Eyre squares.

All ages; and all conditions of womanhood will find just the help that woman needs, in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That's a matter that's *guaranteed*. If it can't be done, then the medicine costs you nothing—its makers don't want your money.

Get it, if you're a tired or suffering woman, and get well. It builds up and invigorates the entire system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. At the two critical periods in a woman's life—the change from girlhood to womanhood, and later, the "change of life"—it is a perfectly safe and an especially valuable remedial agent, that can produce only good results.

For all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to the sex, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only* remedy so certain that it can be *guaranteed*. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

You pay only for the good you get. Can you ask more?

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their stage by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as revealed by the *Times* correspondent. Mr Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

PRICE: Full Cloth, $2.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T A. SLOCUM, M C., 18 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y City

CONVENTION AT WORK.

Delegates Called to Order by Chairman Clarkson.

EXPOSITION BUILDING CROWDED.

Prayer Delivered by Rev. Dr. Brush and J. Sloat Fassett Announced as Temporary Chairman—He Is Received with Cheers by the Convention and Delivers an Address—Scenes and Incidents in the Hall.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 7.—The convention hall looked very beautiful Tuesday in the sunlight. Lilies and roses bloomed in front of the chairman's table, which, as already noted, was of rich mahogany specially carved for the occasion. The chair was of carved oak, and a handsome Turkish rug covered the platform. There were none of the usual little banners on the floor to mark the position of states. The state locations were indicated by signs on the pillars, which were not visible from

J. SLOAT FASSETT.

the stage. Chairman Clarkson was among the early arrivals, but his coming elicited no recognition or response from the audience, which had by this time filled about a quarter of the hall. The first burst of cheering arose when Governor McKinley was recognized moving down the main isle at 11:45. Immediately afterwards New York's big four—Platt, Hiscock, Miller and Depew—closely followed by the entire delegation in a body, marched down the center and were warmly applauded. They took their allotted seats immediately in front of the chair.

Brought to Order.

It was just 12:30 when Chairman Clarkson of the national committee struck the table a light tap with the gavel. It was not enough to restore order but it caused many of the delegates to sit down and to close conversation. A moment later Mr. Clarkson brought the gavel down again twice sharply, and the convention and galleries came to order quickly and there was not a delegate standing when Mr. Clarkson announced that the session would be opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Brush, chancellor of the University of South Dakota. A moment after the whole convention stood as Dr. Brush, a venerable looking man with sparsely covered head and long white beard began to deliver the invocation. He prayed for harmony and that the platform and the other issues might be subordinate to "Thy great will." When he said "Amen," the convention settled down again with a rustling of badges that was like the whispering of autumn leaves. There was a murmur of conversation which was hushed quickly as M. H. De Young of California stepped forward and read the call for the convention.

Temporary Chairman Fassett.

At this time there were not a dozen of the delegates' seats unfilled, but the galleries were very empty. At 12:39 the reading of the call was concluded and Chairman Clarkson arose and announced that he was instructed by the committee to present to the convention for its temporary chairman Hon. J. Sloat Fassett of New York. There was a round of applause at this announcement, led by the New Yorkers. Mr. Fassett, who was seated in the seat second from the center isle between Warner Miller and Hy Burleigh, looked uncertain. He evidently did not know whether he was to take the initiative or whether he was to be escorted to the platform by a committee, as was at Rochester in September last. Mr. Clarkson nodded to him and Mr. Fassett unescorted left the seat and started for the platform. A path was cleared for him and a minute later Chairman Clarkson was presenting him to the convention. He received the customery vocal welcome, the New York delegates rising and waving their hats in his honor. Mr. Fassett looked perfectly self-possessed as he gazed about the vast hall. In his hand was a type-written manuscript to which he referred occasionally as he spoke. He said:

Mr. Fassett's Speech.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW REPUBLICANS: For the distinguished honor which you have conferred upon me I am very grateful. I appreciate the duties of presiding officer with extreme diffidence and am sustained only by a reliance upon generousity, forbearance and co-operation. It is eminently fitting that a Republican convention should be held in a temple erected for the display of products of protection to American industries and in this beautiful city of Minneapolis, the joy and pride of the giant west. This city which just about equals in age the Republican party, with its prosperous mills and factories and workshops and its generous and happy homes, abounds in object lessons, teaching clearer than in words the sound wisdom of Republican doctrine when epitomized in facts. We are met to exercise one of the highest privileges of our citizenship. As trustees of 7,0 0,000 of voting Republicans gathering from every state and territory in the Union, it becomes our duty to formulate for the inspection of the people the beliefs and purposes of our party relative to all the living politi al questions of national importance and to choose that man for leader under whose guidance we feel we shall be most sure of establishing the belief in the form of laws. We are here not as warring factions, struggling to win supremacy under favorite leaders, but as members of one great party seeking to select from the shining roll of our honored great men that type of statesman which shall be regarded as the most complete embodiment of the cardinal doctrines of our party. There is not a Republican in this convention whose heart does not burn with ardor for triumph in the impending campaign.

Honest Differences.

We are all eager for success. We are here to make the necessary preliminary arrangements, and we all propose to make them in the right way and in the right spirit. If there is ever a time for Republican to differ it is precisely at such conventions as this, when they are met together for the express purpose of reaching ultimate unity through the clash and contest of present differences, in the wide reaching and delicate business of agreeing upon the standard bearers for a great party there is abundant opportunity for honest men to hold and express honest differences of opinion; and the more earnest the men and the more honest the opinions, the more determined will be the contests and collisions and the more complete the final unanimity. The air is always sweeter after a storm. It is our right now to oppose each other; it will be our duty to unite tomorrow. Our differences should end at the convention doors and will end there. When this convention shall have concluded its labors we shall have but one choice and that the nominees of this convention; but one purpose, their election. The nomination does not end the campaign; it begins it. The campaign which is to be made will not be the campaign of the candidates, but of all the party, by all the party and for all the party in the interests of the whole people. With malice then towards none, but with a federation and respect toward all, each of us, according to his light, as God gives him to see the light, should subordinate all merely local and personal considerations to an earnest endeavor to secure the best interests of the Republican party throughout the entire sisterhood of states.

Watched by a Nation.

None of our trusted leaders are weak men; all of them are strong. Some may be stronger than others. If, as each delegate views the field, there is some man whose figure seems to him larger, whose statue higher, whose fame more commanding, whose name more inspiring than that of any other man, then the pathway of each delegate should be broad and easy. The eyes of all the Republicans at home and the eyes of all our adversaries everywhere are intently fixed upon this convention. A nation is watching us—our enemies to criticise, our friends to ratify. The responsibility is enormous, but you will meet it wisely. The Republican party has never yet made a mistake in its choice of candidates; it will not make a mistake here. All over this broad land the bonfires are set to be lighted, the flags are ready to be unfurled, and the Republicans at home are waiting to shout in approval of your choice.

Mr. Fassett concluded by reviewing the history of the party since 1856 and the work of its leaders, which brought the nations of the earth to pay tribute to the sagacity of their legislation. He also made a strong argument for a free ballot and honest count, and the protection of the negro in the south.

Mr. Fassett completed his speech at nine minutes past 1 o'clock and took the gavel in his hand before the convention realized that he was through.

CORBETT'S TRAINING.

Instead of Reducing His Weight He Will Increase It.

NEW YORK, June 7.—The training of James J. Corbett for his fight with John L. Sullivan is to be a peculiar one. His nominal trainer is Jim Daly of Philadelphia, but his real training will be under the direction of Dr. John Wilson Gibbs of this city. Beginning at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon Corbett will be under the care of Dr. Gibbs. Dr. Gibbs is a specialist in the reduction of obesity as well as in flesh building. He it was who treated Grover Cleveland and succeeded in taking eighty pounds off his weight. The doctor examined and took measurements of Corbett Tuesday.

A Perfect Man.

He found that Corbett stood 6 ft. 1¼ in. high. His chest measurement was forty-four with an expansion of five inches. He weighed 198 pounds. His biceps measured sixteen and one-half inches in circumference, his abdominal circumference was thirty-seven and one-half, his neck required a sixteen and one-half inch tape to encircle it, his forearm was thirteen inches around and his calves measured ten inches.

"He is a perfect man," said the doctor after the examination. "All he wants is a little more weight, and I have promised to build him up and put him into the ring at 205 pounds. That is about the weight at which the young fellow should fight."

He Longs for Gore.

WICHITA, Kan., June 7.—Judge C. Reed of the district court has been challenged to fight a duel by Nicholas Bird, a well-known member of the county bar. So anxious was Attorney Bird that his written challenge should not miscarry that he sent it as a registered package, and when it was returned to him unopened he employed a friend to personally deliver a note to the judge. He says that the court grossly insulted him and that a meeting must be arranged. Bird admits having demanded an apology or satisfaction. Judge Reed insists that he has nothing to apologize for.

Working for Hill at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 7.—The vanguard of David B. Hill's army of New York supporters has reached Chicago. R. A. Kelly, a member of the Tammany general committee and one of the speakers for the state Democratic committee, arrived here Sunday evening to begin the work of removing certain impressions that exist concerning the feeling between Cleveland and Hill supporters and to help boom Hill for the nomination. Mr. Kelly has just come from some southern states and he reports that the general feeling is in favor of David B. Hill.

Advices from Venezuela.

NEW YORK, June 7.—A special cable dispatch to The Herald from Casacas says Minister of Finance Matto's resignation has been withdrawn and the cabinet crisis is over. The financial situation in consequence shows considerable improvement. Dr. Sebastian Casanas, lately the commander of the government forces and who returned to this city a few days ago suffering from a wound received in a fight with rebels, is sinking.

He Was "Good on the Shoot."

BRUSSELLS, June 7.—Herr Hochstein, a book seller of Frankfort, quarreled in a street of this city with two strangers, and finished by shooting them both dead. The crowd who witnessed the tragedy would have lynched Hochstein had he not been promptly protected by the police and conveyed to prison. The exact merits of the dispute which led to the shooting have not yet transpired.

Fatal Initiation.

NEW HAVEN, June 7.—Wilkins Rustin, the Yale sophomore who was injured in the junior society initiations last week, died Monday night. At the initiation Rustin was blindfolded and told to run down a street. He ran into the pole of a carriage and received an awful blow on the abdomen. He was in intense agony until death.

Mount Vesuvius Active.

ROME, June 7.—An earthquake was felt in the province of Foggia, causing great alarm, but no fatalities are reported. Mt. Vesuvius has become active and the people of Naples fear a serious eruption.

Reviewed by President Carnot.

NANCY, June 7.—President Carnot reviewed the troops and witnessed the manœuvers at Luneville Tuesday. He was enthusiastically received.

HUNDREDS PERISHED.

Awful Calamity in the Pennsylvania Oil Regions.

DEATH AND DESOLATION ABROAD.

Oil Creek Overflows Its Banks, and While Hundreds of People Are Watching the Flood the Oil in the Water Takes Fire—The People Flee for Safety, but Many Are Caught in the Sea of Fire and Lost.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 6.—An estimate made by a city official places the loss of life in Oil City caused by the frightful calamity of Sunday at 200. Not until the sun arose over the hills Monday morning did the people of Oil City realize fully the terrible havoc wrought by Sunday's flood and fire. The intense excitement that followed the first shock when the big sea of oil and gas exploded, robbed even the coolest heads of their reason. Now, however, the excitement has in a measure subsided. Desolation, suffering and death is found on every hand. The Third ward of the city, so terribly swept by flames is one vast graveyard. The greatest damage is on Seneca street on the east side of Oil creek. There under the dying embers is spread a mass of shapeless corpses. But one house remains on Seneca street in the lower district. For three-fourths of a mile around it there is not a single habitation standing.

When the Disaster Occurred.

Oil creek was a raging torrent and Center street for one square was a solid mass of humanity, and 500 or 1,000 people had approached the bridge to watch the muddy waters roll by. At about 11:30 Sunday upon the opposite side of the stream a green fluid floating on the water was noticeable. This increased rapidly in quantity and extended and at last covered almost entirely the yellow, muddy waters of the creek. A smell of gas and oil was perceptible and several men were discussing the danger should the oil catch fire. Hardly were the words uttered when about two hundred yards up the stream a mass of flame shot heavenward. In an instant the flames swept madly over the entire upper portion of the city, which was flooded by the oily waters of the creek. Men, women and children who were moving from their houses were caught by the deadly flames and if not burned to death outright were drowned in the raging flood.

The Very Air Ablaze.

Few spectators who were watching the flood when the explosion occurred and escaped can give a good idea of what happened. All agree that there was a terrific explosion and that the whole air was filled with flames. The was quickly followed by two other explosions—the gasoline tanks had blown up almost at the same time. The oil on the creek blazed up, the gas in the air burst into a roaring flame, and the water, land, and air were all literally ablaze. Men, women, and children were knocked prostrate by the shock and many never arose. Some of those who did found themselves in a lake of flames. The multitude fled with screams of anguish for the higher ground. In the rush many of the weaker were trampled upon and badly injured. Some were hurt by horses, others leaped into the water and were drowned. The many submerged houses and shops on the banks of the creek were soon in flames and the silent fire of blazing gas was succeeded by flames of burning homes. In many of these houses the people were confined. Within the sight of thousand who heard their piteous cries, burned to death or leaped into the river and so perished by the flood and fire.

A Long Death List.

Following is a list of those who lost their lives by the accident: Edward Atkin, Frank Atkin, William Atkin, —— Baker, book agent; William Baker, Emma Briggs, Mrs. William Briggs, Mrs. Copeland and baby, W. L. Daugherty, William Fergiviller, Mrs. Levi Fetters, Charles Fisher, Eugene Fritz, Frank Goodrich, William and Frank Hassenfritz, Mr. and Mrs. Hawks and daughter, James Haskins, Henry Holmes, Jamestown, N. Y.; James Holmes, barber; Ed Keating, section boss; D. Koplin, wife and two sons; Matthew Lyons, wife and two children; William Malone, Charles Miller, Edward Mills and four children, William Moran, John O'Leary, Mrs. O'Leary, John O'Leary's mother, E. V. R. Plank, Frank Plank, John Rambo, John Reinbold, K. B. Reinbold, John Roach, Jacob Rogers, James Rogers and wife, Miss Minnie Russell of Pottsville, H. W. Shafer of Franklin, William Shafer of Franklin, William Stewart, Humphrey Stewart, Willis Stewart, Daniel Sullivan, engineer, John Steck, Ed Terwilliger, Frank Watson, aged 14 years, William White, S. Wicks, Sheridan Wick.

Many Bodies Carried Away.

Five guests at the Exchange hotel who were out watching the flood are known to have perished. Two dead bodies were taken out of the river at Foxburg, forty eight miles below here, Monday morning. It is believed that many bodies will be found down the stream when the waters recede into their natural channels. The Allegheny river and Oil creek are now receding rapidly. The fire at several of the oil tanks is still burning, but no more damage is anticipated. The oil exchange has adjourned, and business generally is practically suspended. Coroner J. M. Snowden held an inquest on a number of the bodies recovered owing to the fact that their decomposed condition made it necessary to bury them at once. A verdict in accordance with the facts was rendered.

AT TITUSVILLE.

Scores of People Either Drowned or Fled to Death.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 6.—Oil creek had overflowed its banks from the west end above the water and gas works to the city line below and for hours assumed the proportions of an almost resistless flood, reaching almost up to the line of Spring street. Scores of cheap dwelling houses in the lower part of the city, on Mechanic street and vicinity have been destroyed and scores of lives have been lost, some people being burned, but the majority perished by drowning.

Despairing Men and Women.

To add to the horror of the scene, rain fell in torrents and fire broke out in the refineries at different points, and the burning oil sweeping down the current communicated the fire to other manufacturing plants and establishments, and the destruction was increased a hundred fold. Fully one-third of the business and residence portion of this city is a mass of charred embers, over which the terrible waters still rush with unabated fury. The streets are filled with crowds of wet, hungry, hopeless, and despairing men, women and children, most of whom have lost loved ones and all their property. The water still floods the streets and the sky is black with heavy smoke.

Some of the Dead.

The following bodies have been recovered: Susan Bingenheimer, aged 42; Jacob Bingenheimer, aged 19; Katie Bingenheimer, aged 17; Lulu Bingenheimer, aged 13; Edward Bingenheimer, aged 11; Gertrude Bingenheimer, aged 7; Harry Bingenheimer, 7; Walter Bingenheimer, aged 3; Baby Bingenheimer, aged 5 days; William Eckert's child; Annie Furman (colored); Mrs. A. Jacobs add child, Mrs. Delia Rice, E. W. Glesky and son, unknown boy, Mrs. C. P. Casperson, George Pease, Mrs. Lena Osmer and two children, Mrs. Fred Reid, Miss Amelia Reid, Frank Foster, Fred Coppy, baby of Mrs. Jacobs, Miss Goldie Cohn, Henry Riehl of Buffalo, Mrs. Neil McKenzie, J. C. McFadden, Mary McFadden, Mrs. Fred Leuhrs, baby of Mrs. William Eckert, Mrs. Mary Haehn, Gertie Haehn, Peter Haehn, Clara Haehn, Mrs. Fred Campbell and two children, Frank Whalen, Mrs. Frank Whalen and daughter, Mrs. John Quinn, Nellie Quinn, Mamie Puinn.

Thirty Houses Swept Away.

ERIE, Pa., June 6.—Sunday evening Clark's mill dam at Union City burst and a wall of water swept through the town carrying thirty houses from their foundations, and while many persons were badly hurt none lost their lives. Deamore's three-story brick building fell demolishing frame buildings adjoining. The Keystone block was undermined and fell. Goodenough's jewelry store and the rear of the postoffice building and Cooper's planing mill were all wrecked. Hundreds of horses and cattle were drowned. The damge will reach not less than $100,000. The towns of Garland, Pittsfield, Columbus and many other places are under water. At Pittsfield the operator, J. E. Mead, stood at his post and worked at his instruments with the water three feet deep in the office and the building surrounded by debris and roaring flood.

BLAINE OUT OF OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—Secretary Blaine has resigned the secretaryship of state and the resignation has been accepted by the president. The following correspondence explains itself:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, June 4, 1892, 12:45 p. m. TO THE PRESIDENT: I respectfully beg leave to submit my resignation of the office of secretary of state of the United States, to which I was appointed by you on the 5th of March, 1889. The condition of public business in the department of state justifies me in requesting that my resignation be accepted immediately.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JAMES G. BLAINE."

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, June 4.—TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE: You letter of this date tendering your resignation of the office of secretary of state of the United States, has been received. The terms in which you state your desires are such as to leave me no choice but to accede to your wishes at once. Your resignation is therefore accepted. Very respectfully yours,

"BENJAMIN HARRISON."

GHASTLY SPECTACLE.

Bodies of Four Rustlers Found Hanging to a Tree.

BUFFALO, Wy., June 6.—A party of cattlemen who were preparing for a roundup when the injunction of the judge was served upon them have returned to this town and report the finding of a relic of the recent war between cattlemen and rustlers in the shape of four human bodies swinging to the limb of a tree. The bodies had evidently been hanging for several weeks and were dried and shriveled to such an extent that it was impossible to tell who they were. They were dressed in the regular cowboy style. An investigation has been made to find who were missing.

Boodle Trial at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 6.—The seven aldermen, William J. O'Brien, Nicholas Cremer, Dan O'Brien, Patrick J. Gorman, John F. Dorman, Stephen M. Gavelin and Philip Jackson, indicted by the March grand jury for "boodling," were put on trial Monday. A plea of not guilty was entered by all the defendants and the work of getting a jury began without delay. None of the indicted men seems greatly worried over the outcome of the trial; on the contrary all of them express absolute confidence in their counsel and ultimate acquittal.

Explosion of Gasoline.

PITTSBURG, June 6.—At 6 o'clock Saturday morning George H. Eberlee struck a match to light a gasoline stove in his tobacco store at the corner of North avenue and East street, Allegheny. An explosion occurred, blowing him accross the room, inflicting sericus injuries and burns from which he will die. The building was badly shattered and damaged by fire. Mr. Eberlee's family were sleeping on the second floor but were uninjured.

Double Tragedy at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, June 6.—William Meyers, a laborer living at 467 Sterling avenue, quarreled with his wife and shot her three times, after she had fled from their house into a neighbor's. After the woman fell Meyers ended his own life by blowing out his brains. Mrs. Meyers is in the hospital in a dying condition.

The Baby Was "No Good."

WHEELING, W. Va., June 6.—An Italian named Celli and his wife were arrested Sunday for burying a 4-day-old baby alive in a "slack" pile at a coal mine dump. Some railroad men heard a whining noise and dug the child out. The only explanation the parents gave was that the baby was "no good."

Wife Murderer Hanged.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 6.—Edward McMillan, the wife murderer, was hanged Monday morning in the jail yard here. The drop fell at 10:28 and in nine minutes he was pronounced dead. His neck was broken. He killed his wife while drunk on Feb. 20, 1891.

Respited by the President.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The president has granted a further respite until June 24 to Clinton E. Dixon sentenced to be hanged in Omaha.

Anti-Option Bill Passed.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—The house has passed the anti-option bill—yeas 156, nays 46.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Abbreviated Notice of a Week's Important Events.

Audrain county, Mo., was visited by a cyclone, which did much damage.

Jesse N. Smith, aged 21, committed suicide at the home of his uncle, W. O Cloyd, near Fairfield, Ills., by taking morphine.

Nettie Walthen, a nurse of Wichita, Kan., while insane, committed suicide.

Mrs. Augusta Durdeck of Dick Johnson township, near Brazil, Ind., was fatally shot by a neighbor's boy. The shooting was accidental.

Henry H. Sternberg of Allegheny City, Pa., was fatally shot by Frances Wilson on State street, Chicago.

Patrick Curry is under arrest at Chicago charged with assaulting Lucinda Richardson, 82 years old.

Secretary Foster in an interview declares that the president was no more an enemy of silver than Senator Teller.

Levees along the Sacramento have broken, and quite an extent of farming land has been flooded in central California.

Ex-Senator Ingalls of Kansas was the Memorial Day orator at Jefferson City, Mo. He advocated a general service pension for all veterans.

The first folio 1623 edition of "Shakespeare" is under process of reproduction by means of photography.

On the best British authority it has been stated that the Canadian Pacific offers a preferable route for the transfer of troops to points in the Pacific.

Th flower corso, the holding of which at the opening of the great musical and dramatic exhibition in Vienna was prohibited, came off Sunday. There was a gathering of 60,000 people and 2,000 carriages at the Prater.

All but one of the forty-two cities in the United States with populations of from 50,000 to 200,000 have electric railways in use.

A letter addressed "Dan Rice, Circus Clown, care of Mayor Grant, New York city," was received at the mayor's office in New York a day or two ago.

* * *

Jay Gould is rusticating on a side track at Pueblo, Colo.

A team of horses drawing a wagon containing fifteen persons in a funeral procession at Tremont City, O., became frightened and dashed into a buggy, seriously injuring Mrs. Christopher Neff and Mrs. Dibbert. The persons in the wagon narrowly escaped going over a forty-foot embankment.

Perry and Samuel Bruner, cousins, quarreled over a girl near Sacred Heart Mission, O. T., and the former was shot twice through the heart. He was a tough character, much feared in the vicinity.

Mrs. Mary Abrams of Decatur, Ills., was fatally burned. A lamp exploded and in throwing it out of her house her clothing caught fire. She died in a few minutes.

Andrew Ludwig and Peter Whalen, laborers at the Edgar Thompson steel works, Pittsburg, were badly burned by gas and metal from the blowpipe of the furnace. They were working near the blowpipe and an explosion took place. Ludwig may die.

The mayor of Omaha has signed an ordinance which practically licenses gambling in that city.

Heavy and long continued rains were general throughout the north and central portion of the United States Monday night and Tuesday and damaging floods are feared.

Official statements made by authorities in Mauritius show that 1,200 persons were killed and 4,000 injured in the recent hurricane.

At Seymour, Ind., Andrew Jackson, while cleaning a revolver which he thought to be empty, recklessly pointed it toward his nephew, John Wisman, aged 6 years, pulled the trigger and shot the boy fatally in the abdomen. Johnson has fled.

Anarchists have attempted to blow up a railway station in London.

Joseph Morash, a brakeman on the Chicago and Erie railroad, was instantly killed at Boone Grove, Ind., by being caught between the draw bars of two freight cars.

* * *

Twenty of the largest wallpaper makers of the country have formed a trust.

It has been announced that the United Presbyterian assembly will meet at Monmouth, Ills., at its next session.

Scarlet fever has broken out at Appleton, Wis., and the disease threatens to be epidemic.

Arrangements have been perfected to put the Niles Tool works at Hamilton, O., into the hands of a syndicate and to extend the works. The transaction involves the issue of $1,000,000 worth of 6½ per cent. bonds.

Richard George, a teacher in the Brookfield, Ind., schools, is lying at the point of death at the Muncie (Ind.) hospital from a wound in the groin inflicted by Bert George. The two were shooting at a mark, when Bert's revolver was accidentally discharged.

A special freight train on the Grand Trunk railroad from Lindsay to Belleville was thrown from the track near Campbellford, Ont. The engineer was badly scalded and a brakeman killed. The rest of the crew escaped.

Republicans of the Ninth Indiana congressional district have renominated by acclamation Daniel Waugh. Resolutions indorsing President Harrison were enthusiastically adopted.

On the Muskingum river at Zanesville, O., Robert Wallace and William Roll were drowned.

After a deadlock and 183 ballots by the convention at Cameron, Tex., to nominate a successor to Roger Q. Mills in the lower house George W. Pendleton, lieutenant governor of Texas, was elected by a majority of four.

Samuel Pelkola, employed in pit No. 3 of the Cleveland mine at Ishpeming, Mich., as a trammer, was instantly killed. He was 25 years old and unmarried.

An engine and six cars were ditched on the St. Paul and Duluth road near Sturgeon Lake, Wis. A brakeman named Powers was seriously injured. The chair made for the chairman of the Minneapolis convention at a cost of $400 was demolished.

John Blue, a young farmer near Rockville, Ind., was kicked in the breast by a horse and killed.

John Hephort of Kokomo, Ind., hung himself while temporarily insane. He was 60 years old.

* * *

Mrs. Thomas Barnett, is said to have starved to death in a wretched hovel at Chicago.

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Kelly of Chicago has completed her gift of $50,000 to establish a woman's building for the Chicago university.

John Craig, assistant secretary of the California World's fair commission, is accused of forging the names of President Irving M. Scott and Secretary Thompson of the commission to checks aggregating $2,400.

Gendennis, a valuable trotting stallion, dropped dead at Fleetwood park, New York, at the conclusion of the fifth heat in a race in which he was entered. Charles Nolan's stallion Templeton also dropped dead at Belmont park while training for a race.

Henry Benk, a farmer of Franklin township, near Celina, O., was found dead in the woods near his house. He is thought to have been struck by lightning.

At Sloborka, a Russian city bordering on Germany, 300 houses were destroyed by fire.

The Chicago board of trade has appointed a soliciting committee to aid the flood sufferers. Fully 6,000 people have lost everything and are in destitute circumstances.

Lillian Russell denies the report that she will marry her manager, T. Henry French. She says she will be a sister to him.

Russia's minister of husbandy, in a circular, states that the seed corn and winter crops are in a satisfactory condition.

W. J. Colburn and William Habbler were chosen delegates to the Chicago convention by the Ninth Ohio district Democrats. Both are Cleveland men.

Judgment has been rendered against the Fort Worth Railway company for $5,000 in favor of one of its employes, who lost an eye while at work.

Louis Latham, a Chicago engineer, has invented a torpedo that may revolutionize naval warfare.

Dispatches from Kansas state that rain after falling for forty hours with but few and brief intervals, has ceased.

John Howard of Freeport, Ills., committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. Ill-health was his season for the act.

John Mueller, 17 years old, son of a well-known merchant of Hammond, Ind., has confessed that he broke open Anton Tapper's safe and stole $106.

* * *

While suffering from an attack of great despondency Hyman Dwey, an old resident of Rockford, Ills., hanged himself.

John Bowman, an employe on a Lake Shore work train, was fatally injured at La Porte, Ind., by a heavy tie falling on him.

Henry Maass, the 28-year-old son of Fred Maass of Winona, Minn., was instantly killed by a freight train of the Green Bay, Winona and St. Paul train.

The marble cutters of Louisville have gone out on a strike for a nine-hour day with ten hours' pay. The employers say they will not grant the demand.

It is stated that Herr Bebel, the noted German socialist leader, is insane, and is staying in Zurich at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Simon. The statement has caused a great stir among the socialists, and denial or confirmation is eagerly awaited.

Work on the East river tunnel has been begun at Long Island City. It is hoped to complete the work in two years.

Murat Halstead in an interview at Chicago said that he saw no impropriety in the Blaine movement, and that the surface indications were that the secretary of state would accept the nomination if it were offered him.

Friends of ex-Governor Gray are about to start a new Democratic paper in Indianapolis.

Fire at Rockford, Ind., destroyed the electric light and water works plant.

Leopold Waitzfelder, manufacturer of cotton goods at New York and Philadelphia, has failed. The liabilities are estimated at $50,000.

Reformed Presbyterians have been pledged by their synod not to visit the World's fair if the gates are opened on Sunday or if liquor is sold within the grounds.

Introduction of stamping machines at the Chicago postoffice causes uneasiness among the hundreds of men employed, and some wanted to strike.

The British house of commons has adjourned until Thursday. No reference to the date of dissolution was made by Balfour.

The Armour interests of Chicago and Kansas City are to be consolidated and incorporated in a stock concern.

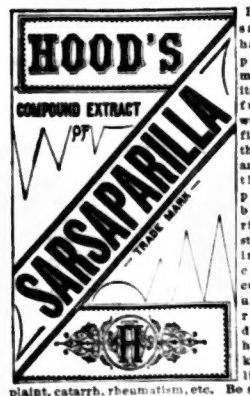
* * *

Assignee McQuaid, of the Bank of Pueblo, Col., has filed a statement showing the face value of the bank's assets to be $223,254.66, having an estimated value of $157,871.67.

Frank Mitchell and Leonard Meskill were seriously wounded while watching a haunted house in Indianapolis by a strange person, who suddenly disappeared.

Andy McCarthy, the well-known jockey and winner of many brilliant racing events, died in New York, the result of being thrown by Little Nell.

Thomas Chopman, of Muncie, Ind., aged 79, and Miss Rebekah Stephenson of Warsaw, Ind., aged 68, were married. Forty years ago they were sweethearts and had not met since.



Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dolla

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription	$2.50
Six Months	1.25
Single Copies	05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each	2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 11, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Augustin Daly's Company.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Agnes Huntington.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Miss Helyett."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Isle of Champagne."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Sentenced for Life."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

PHYSICAL SUPERIORITY OF THE CELT.

The numerous Gaelic athletic clubs that have been organized in Chicago, and which turn out on patriotic occasions uniformed in national fashion, have attracted respectful attention from the non-Irish portion of our population. The Germans and other races of continental Europe, as well as the Americans "to the manor born" have for years been devoting their time to athletics in one form or another. The English and the Scotch have had their football matches, "tugs of war," and "curling" contests, but it is only within a few years that the Irish-American element has given organized exhibitions of the ancient, noble and warlike game of hurling, which made their forefathers the best pike men and bayoneteers that ever charged an enemy in the "listed field." Even the dreadful and devastating famines of 1820 and 1847 50 failed to destroy the heredity of muscle acquired by the race in successive generations of hurling contests. A recent writer in the London *Month* says:

"'Our only general,' Lord Wolseley, would no more dream of going to war without his countrymen's support than would the commander-in-chief without the redoubtable Mickey Free. In the late Soudan campaign he offered a prize of £100 to the regiment that would be first at a given point on the line of march to the enemy. An Irish regiment won it, Scotland being second, and England a bad third. And this victory was scored by Irishmen physically much inferior to those of their countrymen who used to join the British army before the betrayal of the '65 movement. Yet English journals will persist in scandalously libeling us with their detestable cartoons while we are winning their battles for them with our blood, and preserving for them whatever little credit they have in the military world. Nor are Irishmen who follow the calm unruffled career of professional life inferior to the corresponding class in other countries, either in height or strength. Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, some few years ago recorded the height and strength of Irish, Scotch, English and Belgian students at his university. He took the heights and weights at the ages of 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and at every age the Irish were the tallest and strongest, Scotchmen coming next, Englishmen third, and the Belgians last. These facts have been taken from Father Hogan's article in the *Month*, and their accuracy has been confirmed, the author says, by Professor Quetolet, of Belgium.

"Here are Professor Forbes' recorded average heights and strengths at the several ages:

STATURE IN INCHES.

Age.	Irish.	Scotch.	English.	Belgian.
18	68 7	68 5	68 7	67.2
19	69.4	68 9	68.5	67 7
20	69 8	69.1	68 7	67.9
21	70 0	69 2	68 8	68 0
21	70 1	69 2	68 9	68.1
23	70 2	69 3	68 9	68.2

STRENGTH IN LBS. AVOIR.

Age.	Irish.	Scotch.	English.	Belgian.
18	389	360	364	280
19	404	378	378	296
20	416	392	385	310
21	423	402	392	322
22	427	410	397	330
23	430	417	401	335

"From these tables we see that an Irishman at the age of 23 is nine-tenths of an inch taller than a Scotchman of the same age, and that he has a pull of thirteen pounds over him, while he is one and three-tenths inches taller than an Englishman of that age, and he has a pull of twenty nine pounds over the beef-eater. Irish potatoes beat.

"The haleesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,"

which Burns' cotter got on Saturday night; and both Gaels left their carnivorous neighbors as far behind as they left them in the march across the African desert."

The foregoing bears out the report made a few years since by the adjutant-general of the United States army in reference to the physique of the famous Sixty-ninth New York regiment in the State camp at Peekskill, in which he set forth that their front formation extended fully a fourth over the flanks of the average militia regiments ranked in the same numbers behind them. This was due to the superior width of shoulder and solidity of chest of the Irishmen. Nor is this matter of physical superiority confined to the men of the Irish race. The women of the old race, whether in Ireland, here, or elsewhere, maintain the standard in size, shape and height; and the intermarriage of the Irish of both sexes with other elements in this republic has contributed much toward making the American population the tallest and handsomest branch of the human family. The impress of the Celt—the brawny original Celt—is on this republic, and it is for the good of the great commonwealth that it is so.

DEATH OF CHARLES DENNEHY.

The very unexpected death of Mr. Charles Dennehy, who died of acute pneumonia at his home, No. 429 N. State street, at 4 o'clock last Monday morning, filled the entire community with unfeigned sorrow. He had been a resident of Chicago since 1854, was an excellent citizen, a highly successful man of business, an affectionate husband and a devoted father. He had the good will and esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and he will be keenly missed from the large social circle in which he was a general favorite.

Mr. Dennehy was born near Castle Island, county Kerry, Ireland, fifty-nine years ago, and came to America with his parents in early boyhood. He was always noted for pluck and industry, and his naturally enterprising disposition led him to seek his fortune, in the old days, in this young and vigorous city. He made his fortune chiefly in the grocery business and he also dealt quite largely in real estate. He was head of the prosperous wholesale firm of Charles Dennehy & Son, No. 39 South Water street, and had a business acquaintance that extended over every state and territory in the Union. Mr Dennehy appeared to be in most vigorous health—he was a wonderfully young looking man for his age—up to Tuesday week, when he was taken with what appeared to be an ordinarily severe cold, but which rapidly developed fatal symptoms. He died tranquilly, fortified by all the consolations of the Catholic religion. His wife and three children, Thomas C. Dennehy, Mrs. W.H. O'Brien and Mrs. J. A. Woolford survive him. One son, Jas. Dennehy, preceded him to the better world several years ago. Mr. Dennehy was noted for his liberal and charitable disposition. No worthy cause appealed to him in vain. In Irish matters he was quiet, but strongly national, and subscribed liberally to the cause when Charles Stewart Parnell was the brilliant and victorious leader of the Irish people. He deeply deplored the recent events which sundered the moral strength of the Irish party, but hoped that common sense and patriotic impulse would speedily lead to the reunion of the forces.

The obsequies occurred at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning from the residence to the Cathedral of the Holy Name. The attendance was significantly large, all creeds and classes in the community being represented. High mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev P. A. McLaughlin, assisted by the Rev. F. N. Perry as deacon, and the Rev. N. J. Mooney as subdeacon. The funeral discourse was most eloquently and touchingly pronounced by the Rev. J. W. Scanlan, who stirred everybody present to deep emotion by his masterly words. He drew a faithful picture of the true and noble qualities that had distinguished Mr. Dennehy in life, and closed by praying that God might grant him the reward of his good works in the heavenly kingdom. In this the congregation fervently joined. A quartette, consisting of Mrs. Anton McGuire, soprano; Miss Kate Coffey, alto; C. M. Moore, tenor, and Edward J. Quinlan, basso, rendered Schmidt's requiem mass. At the conclusion of the religious services, the relics were reborne to the hearse by the pall-bearers, Messrs. Redmond Prindiville, Martin Dawson, John Prindiville, P. McHugh, John W. Enright, William Weadley and Fidolin Madlener.

Among those who followed the remains to their last resting place in Calvary cemetery were J. J. Fitzgibbon, William C. McClure, John Stephens, D. Flemming, Robert Stack, Alexander Sullivan, W. T. Ball, N. D. Laughlin, T. Hutchinson, W. J. Donlon, George P. Gilman, Daniel Scully, John Gaynor, Peter Fortune, J. W. Kelly, John McGillen, M. Brennan, Louis Haas, Philip Conley, Benj. F. Jenkins, Thomas Reidy, M. W. Murphy, Michael Shields, Patrick McGrath, John Dalton, James Burke, W. J. English, W. Hesing, John F. Finerty, John Hannagan, Jas. M. Cleary, Thomas Brenan, Daniel Delaney, Thomas Mackie, John Lonergan, D. B. Scully, John P. Agnew, Maurice M. O'Connor, Dennis O'Connor, J. McDonald, M. Mulcahy, Philip Reidy, Richard Hennessy, Col. P. J. Hennessy, John Murray, Thos. F. Hunt, P. Brady, T. F. O'Malley, Thos. Cline, Hugh McGuire, Charles P. Monahan, W. Crawford, Patrick Roach, Daniel J. Gallery, M. W. Kerwin, J. P. Roche, M. P Farrell, Wm Fogarty, S. J. Forhan, W. H. Lynch, J. B. Lynch, F D Kinsella, Thos. Conley, P. H. Rice, M. Larkin, M. Hallinan and hundreds o' others.

ST VINCENT ORPHANAGE.

The grand bazaar for the benefit of the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum opened at the hall of Battery D, in this city, last Tuesday evening, and will continue for two weeks. The attendance on the opening night was very large, and the booths were extensively patronized. They are under the management of the leading Catholic ladies of Chicago, and present an array of attractions calculated to dazzle the eye and captivate the fancy. A parade, under the marshalship of Major Peter Kiolbassa, preceded the opening exercises. It was participated in by a large number of civic Catholic societies, and by the fine regiment of Hibernian Rifles, commanded by Col. W. H. Lynch; the battalion of Clanna-Gael Guards, a stalwart body of intelligent looking young soldiers, commanded by Capt. L. R Buckley, and the Polish cavalry organizations of the city. The military and the Ancient Order of Hibernians escorted his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop, to the platform, which was occupied by Dr. John Guerin, chairman of the committee of arrangements; William A. Amberg, John Cudahy, Anton C. Hesing, Z P. Brosseau, P J. Healy, Washington Hesing, A. J. Ryan, M. J. Brandfield, J. P. Byrne, Daniel Corkery, P. F. Gillespie, J. C. Smith, W. D. Munhall, M. W. Kerwin, D. J. Gallery, P. H. Rice, Peter Fortune and many other prominent citizens. Dr. Guerin made an appropriate speech in introducing Archbishop Feehan to preside. His Grace made brief introductory remarks, in which he impressed upon all present the sacred duty of aiding in a great work of charity, such as that which now appealed to their sympathies. He closed by introducing the Hon. Thomas A. Moran to make the opening address. Judge Moran delivered an able speech, but, owing to the great crowd, all standing up, and the consequent noise, he excused himself for cutting his remarks short, and gave way to William J. Hynes, who lost no time in following the Judge's very sensible example. The exercises having concluded, the assemblage dispersed itself around the booths, where business speedily became lively and profitable. Sister Julia, the indefatigable champion of helpless innocence, expects to realize a large amount from the bazaar. The debt upon the Infant Asylum under her charge amounts to $40,000. This is a comparatively small sum, and ought to be raised without difficulty in a city which contains more than half a million Catholics. The cause of the infant orphans is the cause of God and of humanity. The Savior himself has left on record his love and care for little children, "for of such," said He, "is the kingdom of heaven." Nothing so strongly appeals to the human heart as the helplessness of childhood. The poet Burns, who, despite his wild ways and his love for the bowl, had a manly and a tender heart, wrote one of his sweetest sonnets to an orphan baby, in which he said

What heart of stone
Wad thou no' move,
Sae helpless, sweet and fair!

There is is no charity that so pleases the God of mercy as that which lifts up the suffering innocents, gives them a home, maternal care, and a helpful and religious education. In this noble work Sister Julia is engaged, and the Catholics of Chicago should aid her by every means within their power.

JOHN F. FINERTY will speak on "The Heroic in Irish History," for the benefit of the parish of St. Rose of Lima, Ashland avenue and Forty-eighth street, next Monday evening. The meeting will be in the school hall, and the Rev. Father Hayes will preside.

IT is not expected, at the hour of going to press, that the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis will come to a vote upon presidential candidates before this (Saturday) evening, or Monday morning.

JAMES STEPHENS, the ex-revolutionist, has been presented with a comfortable home by his Dublin admirers. Mr. Stephens is old, over 70, but still active, both physically and mentally.

BY an unfortunate typographical error last week John Mitchel's "Last Conquest of Ireland," was made to read "Last Linguist of Ireland." The absurdity of the latter heading is apparent from the fact that the Gaelic classes still flourish in Ireland and here, and that Douglas Hyde, Father Keegan and Thomas O'Neill Russell still live.

A MEETING of gentlemen interested in Ireland's exhibit at the World's Fair will be held in the Club Room of the Grand Pacific Hotel, Friday evening, June 10, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Peter White, of Dublin, and other speakers, will address the gathering.

THE Orange Volunteers, of Montreal, Canada, hauled down, tore in pieces and trampled upon a United States flag, which was displayed by some American resident on Victoria's birthday. An Orange society refused to march after an Irish flag carried in a G.A.R. procession, in a Michigan town, on Decoration Day. It is ever thus with the Orange poltroons. They insult the flags of freedom, when it is safe for them to do it, everywhere. When there is danger in doing it, they know how to avoid trouble.

ECHOES FROM MOORE.

Graphic Sketch of Some of His Old Time Haunts by an Observing Traveler.

A Visit to Walshingham, the Poets Place of Residence in Bermuda.

[*For The Citizen.*]

Many of the localities mentioned in Moore's Irish poems lie close to the Irish metropolis. Down in Wicklow we have "Glendalough's gloomy wave," and "the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;" Tara is in Meath; Emmet's "cold" but no longer "unhonored" relics are in the vaults of Saint Michan's at the back of the Four Courts; and if we believe tradition "The Minstrel Boy" was none other than young Turlough O'Brien, grandson of the warrior statesman who perished at Clontarf. The boy's body was found the morning after the battle in the Dodder river, with his hand twisted in the fair hair of a Dane. Kilmainham was where the main body of the Irish army encamped the "Eve before the battle." Murrough, son of the heroic Boru, and the next in line of succession, and father of the boy Turlough, also perished upon that memorable field. His grave marked by the remains of a noble Celtic cross, is within the enclosure of what is known as "the old man's house." Take the train at Kingsbridge on your way southwest, and what an historic country you behold! Have your eyes ever rested upon anything fairer? "The field where they perished," is before us. We have passed beyond the confines of the Pale, and in ten hours arrive at Killarney. If it be summer time we may yet behold "sweet Innisfallen" before night sets in, and as we turn our boat towards Ross castle we burst out again with Moore—

"Sweet Innisfallen! long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er me on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

* * * * *

"Let others tell how fair thou art
To feel how fair shall long be mine."

A few hours more, and we find ourselves beside the "Feale's wave" where the gallant and high spirited Desmond first beheld the beautiful Catherine McCormick, and manfully he made her his wife, although she was but the daughter of his retainer, and his proud, stiff-necked family frowned and swore at what they called his "desperate alliance." For her sake, and for the sake of peace, he relinquished his title and fortune to his crafty, ambitious uncle. Would that our ancestors had all been as free to forgive wrongs and think of peace, and what a different heritage would be ours! The Desmond and his beautiful wife have long since mouldered into dust in the Dominican Abbey at Tralee. From the Feale's water to where Kinkora stood is not very far. Imagination goes back through the mist of centuries, and the grand form of "Brian the Brave" rises out of his tomb in Armagh. Following up the Shannon we come to Inis-Catha — corrupted into Scattery Island. This is where Saint Senus made a vow that the soil of that holy spot should never be trodden by any of mother Eve's girls, and compelled a fair young lady one bleak night to put back again in her boat and trust herself to the Shannon's angry flood. All her tears and pleadings to stay only until morning were of no avail; "she stood not upon the order of going," but went. "Saints" surely in those days "had cruel hearts," if fable is to be believed. At Athlone we can take the train again for Dublin; and when we arrive there we shall not be far from the house on Aungier street where Thomas Moore drew his first breath one hundred and thirteen years ago tonight.

I confess that it was with feelings akin to what one feels when following the path taken by a dear friend, and to complete as it were his round of travel, that a party embarked from Ireland Island, Bermuda, to visit Walshingham where the poet Moore resided during his stay on the Bermuda islands. The writer was one of the party. It was made up of representatives from at least six different lands. There were two ladies in the party. One was a southern lady, talented, and with all the beauty remarkable in women of the southland. The other was the daughter of an Irish gentleman, an officer in the English service, then serving in a regiment whose designation I must for a few reasons conceal. Two sturdy negroes were at the oars, and a third was at the tiller who, to use a homely expression, "knew every foot of the way." This was in October, 1831, and as our boat put off from the shore, one of the ladies remarked that it was exactly seventy-eight years to a day since Thomas Moore quitted England to accept a position from the English government at Bermuda. The other lady quietly observed that it was seventy-eight years, and a few weeks since the noble Emmet, Moore's classmate, was strangled by the same government.

We were now well out upon the clear, calm bay, and the pleasure began. We could see the huge floating dock, and the hulks of the old line-of-battle ships. The breakwater where John Mitchel used to take his daily exercise was plainly in sight. It was now nearly sundown, and night in that latitude comes on very quickly. There is very little twilight. One by one the large brilliant stars began to show in a cloudless sky, and very soon a large autumn moon rolled up out of the Eastern ocean. We passed an English war-vessel, the "Fantome," lying as motionless in the water as if it had been a coral rock. The sailors were on deck singing and dancing, and as our boat passed them they stopped in their singing just long enough to give us a rousing cheer. After all Jack Tar is a good-natured fellow. Somewhat boisterous in his liquor and promiscuous in his amours, he will upon the whole compare very favorably with any other class of men. Our boat now glided in and out from

"Those leafy isles upon the ocean thrown
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone."

In the clear moonlight, we observed the sentries upon guard; and upon one occasion when our boat came near to a sentry's post, he demanded who we were, and being told, he shouldered his rifle, paced again his rounds, and we went our way. "England's eyes are ever open." Imagine a man standing guard on a bit of an island, containing probably a few acres, and nothing nearer upon one side than the Azores, and the American continent upon the other! The night was balmy, and a perfect calm rested upon everything; and disturbed by the noise of our boat the beautiful sea birds rose up from their rocky perch, floated over our heads for a few minutes, and gracefully dropped down again. One of the party suggested singing, and the Irish lady consented to sing. Probably for the first time that grand melody, "The last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see," was heard upon the bay of Bermuda. Many years have gone over my head since, but that sweet, plaintive singing remains in my memory yet. Just fancy a fair young Irish girl with roguish blue eyes, a pretty form, and a voice as free and sweet as the linnets in her own Tipperary, sitting in a boat and singing her country's sad history. Talk about the Jews fingering their harps beside the streams in exile, and looking towards Zion! Permit me to select the Irish picture. Then imagine a young and enthusiastic Irishman sitting there beside her, and not falling "head and heels" in love with her! There she sat and paid no more attention to the looks of admiration that were thrown at her, than the prima donna pays to the giddy youths in the front seats. Her whole soul was in the singing, and her voice seemed to rise and fall with the motion of the boat. Soon Walshingham came in sight. The moon by this time had risen high in the blue canopy, and lighted up everything with its majestic light. You can never understand what a moonlight night in this latitude is until you see one. The boat now glided into a safe landing place, and with a few powerful strokes the negroes sent it high upon the beach, and we landed. We began our wanderings with Moore in the neighborhood of Dublin, and his genius had led us to this out of the way corner of the world. No doubt, there are many things to be displeased with him for doing, some things he had better never have said. Will we, however, withhold our forgiveness for these errors of early years, when we remember those sublime melodies that will live forever? Who is there without his failing?

We drew near to the cottage at Walshingham, and the company kept silence. A kind old negro woman pointed us out the place. You could almost imagine yourself going to visit the poet, his invited guest, and looked to see the door opened by the good natured soul himself. With the singing of the lady, and the softened beauty of the night, and the many recollections that came to the mind it seemed as if the poet's spirit were almost upon us. The house is built after the style common to the place—single story and stone roof. It is yet in a pretty fair state of preservation. Here it was that lying in his hammock he wrote his

——'dissertation
Upon suspended animation."

It was from here he wrote—

"Could you but see the scenery fair
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think that nature lavished there
Her purest wave, her softest skies."

Here it was that he

"Felt the soft delicious flow
Of airs that round this Eden blow,
Freshly as e'en the gales that come
O'er our own heathy hills at home."

From here he addressed a beautiful poem to his sister, Kate; from here he beheld the sails of the vessel fluttering in the wind that were to bear "his pages away."

"What billows, what storms is she fated to prove
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!"

As the vessel was sailing for England, we have a good idea of the direction Thomas' heart was taking. He was probably living here when he contemplated making a trip to the further West Indian islands—

"Tomorrow I sail for those crimson groves
Where nightly the shade of the Carrabee roves;
And far from the light of those eyes, I may yet
Their allurements forgive and their splendor forget!"

Eyes again! Woman's bright, conquering eyes! Haven't they been playing ducks and drakes with men's hearts since Adam was a boy! And it was from here that Moore addressed those private letters to his mother which convey his real feeling. We walked around the grounds, and then sat down to refreshments under the very calabash tree where the poet had often sat. His initials, "T.M.," said to have been cut into the tree by himself, are plainly visible.

'Twas thus in the shade of the calabash tree
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Set the musical springs of my fancy in play;
And oh! such a vision as haunted me then
I could live for whole ages to witness again."

For hours we sat under the calabash tree talking of other scenes and times. The hour of midnight had come, and yet no one seemed anxious to go. The boatmen had crawled off to sleep under the cedars and oleanders, and we could only determine their location by the loud snoring. Once more we turned towards the cottage, and then the boat was launched. We had nine miles to make upon the return trip, and as a light wind had now sprung up a sail was hoisted, and our boat sped on her course. As the place faded from sight, our lady friend recited "The joys we left behind us," the first and last verse of which I here repeat.

"As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts where'er we rove
To those we've left behind us."

"As trav'lers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon the light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing—
So when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us."

T. J. F.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

REVOLT OF THE DONEGALS.

DUBLIN, June 2.—The Donegal militia, which, under the present English territorial military system, counts as the Fifth battalion of the royal Inniskilling fusileers, and which is now going through its annual four weeks' training at Lifford, county Donegal, refused last night to obey the command of their officers to pass the night in tents in the open field.

The reason given by the men for the refusal was that the ground was damp and that occupancy of the tents would result in needless and avoidable injury to their health. Finding the men resolute in their determination not to occupy the tents, the officers were obliged to find accommodations for them in houses in Lifford. There was no display of violence. The case will be investigated by the secretary of war. The news has created a decided sensation, and has revived memories of the famous mutiny of the Tipperary militia at Nenagh after the Crimean war, which required a whole brigade of regulars to suppress. Had the Tipperary men been supplied with ammunition the trouble might have culminated in an insurrection. They only gave in after they had exhausted their last cartridge and used up all the buttons of their tunics for bullets.

The chief officers of the Donegal militia are Lieut-Col. Baptist J. Barton, Major Robert H. Ellis and Adjutant Charles E. Bovill. Two battalions only of the Inniskillings belong to the regular army and were formerly the Twenty-seventh foot. The first battalion is stationed at Portsmouth and the second in India. Three militia regiments constitute the other battalions, viz.: The Fermanagh regiment (Third), with headquarters at Enniskillen; the Tyrone regiment (Fourth), headquarters at Omagh, and the Donegal (Fifth), at Lifford. The headquarters of the whole military district is Omagh, county Tyrone, and the district officer is John Fletcher Caldwell. As the men are mostly recruits, or only partially trained, the incident is of slight importance, except as showing how widespread is the spirit of insubordination in the military forces of England. The men of this regiment are nearly all Nationalists, while the officers are true-blue Tories.

There is good reason to believe that the militia men were not sorry to find a pretext for showing their officers, who all belong to the landlord class and have been joining in the ranting speeches about Ulster's alleged determination to resist Home Rule, how little reliance can be placed on the men who would have to do the fighting. Of the nine regiments of Ulster militia, which are all grouped territorially with regiments of the regular army, there are only three—those of Antrim, Derry and Armagh—in which the Unionists have a clear majority, and all three have a strong representation of Nationalists. The other six are overwhelmingly nationalist, while the militia of the other twenty three counties are Nationalist almost to a man. The nominal strength of the whole Irish militia force is 20,000 men, but it is constantly reduced by the emigration and its actual strength is probably not 15,000 effective men. Besides these there are fully 60,000 Irish Nationalists in the regular army, many of them being classed as Englishmen and Scotchmen, owing to their having been born of Irish parents out of Ireland. Besides this, considerably more than half the non commissioned officers of the British army are Irish. Under all these circumstances, Lord Salisbury is playing with fire in encouraging the loyalists of the northeast corner of Ulster to resist Home Rule.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

A New Place of Worship to Replace the Burned Edifice at Wheaton, Ill.

Plans for the new St. Michael's Catholic church at Wheaton, Ill., to replace the structure recently destroyed by fire, have been prepared by A. Druiding and accepted by the trustees of the congregation. The new edifice, which will cost $50,000, will be of the modern style of church architecture, with a corner entrance. In this and in some other respects the structure will in effect present more the appearance of an Episcopal church than the traditional style of places of worship for the Roman Catholic confession. The construction of the new church will be of pressed brick, with rock-faced stone trimmings to harmonize in color. The building will cover 50 by 100 feet on the ground plan and will be surmounted by a steeple of graceful proportions and 100 feet high.

Altar and chancel will be of selected marble and pews and interior trimmings will be of carved and polished hardwood. An attractive effect will be produced by the light tints of the stained and plate glass which have been selected to harmonize with the carvings of the woodwork.

The congregation of St. Michael's comprises ninety families and is administered to by Rev. Father De La Porte. Nearly all the prominent members of the congregation are business men of Chicago whose homes are at Wheaton.

It Is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and has given it such a firm and lasting hold upon the confidence of the people.

For a dinner pill and general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

GORE'S HOTEL.

Gore's European hotel, South Clark street, between Jackson and Van Buren streets, under the able management of Mr. N. D. Laughlin, has become one of the most popular and prosperous caravansaries in this city of great hotels. At Gore's the parlors and sleeping rooms are faultless, the attendance is excellent and the restaurant fully equal to metropolitan demands. Mr. Laughlin has proven himself a born hotel man, and his numerous friends are proud of his marked success.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 126 West Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

A. O. H. REUNION.

A Spirited Meeting of the Great Organization held at Burke's Hall in this City.

Addresses by Fathers Cartan, Green, O'Sullivan and Others—A Home for Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

[*To the Editor.*]

SOUTH CHICAGO, May 30.—The question of how to foster and encourage a more intimate acquaintance among the brethren of the A. O. H. in the city of Chicago and Cook county, has recently occupied the attention of many thoughtful members in different sections of the city. Division 9, of South Chicago, made the first move toward a practical solution of the question. On the occasion of the installment of their officers one year ago, the division gave a reception, to which members from other divisions as well as many gentlemen and ladies (not of the order) were invited. The idea seemed to reach the spot, as it were, and since then other divisions have thought well of the method, and have held reunions in different parts of the city. Of the latest of these reunions I desire to speak particularly. It was given by and under the auspices of Division No 35, in their new quarters, in which meetings of this divisions will hereafter be held, viz: Ex Alderman Ed. Burke's hall, corner Thirty-fifth street and Emerald avenue, on Wednesday evening, week. Brother Doyle, the worthy president, and Brother Barry, the efficient secretary of this division, worked hard, and deserve well the grand success which crowned their efforts. Invitations were by printed tickets, specially gotten up for the occasion, and although the rain poured down in torrents during the early part of the evening, yet by 8 o'clock, the hall was packed full of stalwart Celts, representing more than a half dozen divisions from various sections of the city.

The reverend clergy were amply and eloquently represented—Fathers Cartan and O'Sullivan, of Nativity parish, and Father Green, of St. Rose of Lima, Forty-eighth street and Ashland avenue. Brother Doyle, on calling the meeting to order, at once moved that Father Cartan act as chairman. This proposition met a unanimous aye from the large audience. Brother P. O'Sullivan, president Division No. 9, South Chicago, was chosen to act as secretary. Father Cartan, on taking the chair, was cheered to the echo. He said he felt it an honor to be present on this occasion and preside as chairman over such a grand assemblage of true Irishmen, who were never ashamed of their nationality or creed. He did not fear successful contradiction, when he asserted on that night that the A. O. H. were the greatest and grandest pillar which the Catholic church has in the United States.

For their patriotism, and as true sons of the Catholic church at all times and under all circumstances, since their first organization, he was proud to say that his heart and soul were with them, and that he would deem it an honor on all occasions to do anything to further the grand objects which the A. O. H. cherish most dearly, viz: Unity, Friendship and True Christian Charity." He said that while there were many other Catholic organizations throughout the United States for which he had the greatest regard, yet he could not forget that long before these new organizations were ever thought of the A. O. H. was venerable from long years of active and noble service for God and country. He was pleased to note the signs of the times which indicated that past unhappy dissensions were disappearing from the ranks of the A. O. H., and he hoped that in the very near future unity would be exemplified in a grander manner than ever before, when all true sons of "Granuale" would march under one grand captain to the tune of "God bave Ireland." He fervently enjoined upon members of divisions to look after young Irishmen who came to this country friendless, and induce them to become members of the A. O. H. Nothing would give him more pleasure than to see every young man in the parish become a member of some division of the A. O. H., as he knew that a genuine A. O. H. man is sure to be a true Irishman, a good American citizen and a practical Catholic. These noble sentiments so sincerely and forcibly enunciated by the reverend speaker, were received with rapturous applause.

Father Green was the next speaker, and for fully thirty minutes fairly electrified the audience. He was proud of the fact that he was an Irishman—felt it an honor to be identified with the A. O. H. He was prepared to march at their head as chaplain, yea, to the very jaws of death, in defense of the principles of the A. O. H., and of every true Irishman. He would do everything in his power to further the welfare of the A. O. H. on every occasion.

In his happy remarks and glowing eulogy of the A. O. H., he recalled an interesting piece of past history, in the days of vile Knownothingism, when the great Archbishop Hughes so grandly defended the cause of Faith and Fatherland in New York. On that occasion when the Knownothings threatened his church, and when the authorities failed to guarantee protection, it was then that the archbishop plainly told the mayor that unless he (the mayor) guaranteed protection right then, he (the archbishop) would arm the A. O. H., when he knew his cathedral would be safe. The threat had the desired effect Father Green was proud of the organization, the mention of whose name had almost a magical potency. He felt that the A. O. H. was greater and grander today than ever before, and he felt that by the next 17th of March the flag of Ireland with the Stars and Stripes of America, would float over such a union of Irish hearts and hands as had never before been witnessed in these United States. The remarks of Father Green were very happily conceived, and everybody present felt prouder than ever of his nationality and the A. O. H.

P. Dwyer, vice president of Division No. 9, South Chicago, next addressed the meeting, and highly congratulated Division No. 35 on the success of their praiseworthy experiment, as well as on the fact of their having as their parish priest and his worthy assistant, two such valuable friends of the A. O. H., as Fathers Cartan and O'Sullivan. These were great incentives to Division No. 35, and they must surely soon outrival any other division in the city with such aid as they are now assured of. The boys in Father Green's parish must surely feel that in their own "Soggarth Aroon" they have an invaluable assistant.

Father O'Sullivan being next called on, said he heartily endorsed the views of the reverend gentlemen and others who had preceded him. He felt that inasmuch as his attitude toward the A. O. H. was so universally known, he would not say much on this occasion. Such occasions as the one of that night made his heart bound with joy. He knew such reunions of true hearted A. O. H. men must and would be productive of much good in the near future, as Irishmen all over the country were now more clearly realizing the necessity of a brave and undivided front than ever before. They were all aware how long and earnestly he has fought for union, and he was glad to tell them on this occasion that the time was near at hand when the demon of discord would be forever conquered, and the A. O. H. would frankly march forth greater and grander than ever before, under one captain-general, "with malice toward none and charity for all."

Mr. O'Sullivan, president of Division No. 9, South Chicago, graphically recited "Dawn on the Irish Coast," and afterwards gave a most entertaining specimen of his terpsichorean art by dancing a genuine Irish reel to music furnished by Mr. Sweeney on his bagpipes, which he handles so deftly as to almost induce them to speak.

Brother Flannagan, our worthy county delegate, being just fresh from the National convention in New Orleans, was called on, and gave a pleasing account of his experiences in the Sunny South. Solomon in all his glory never entertained guests more grandly than were the A. O. H. on this occasion in New Orleans. To be a member of the A. O. H. was considered the highest honor which an Irishman could be charged with down there. When he related the endowment of a chair in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., to be exclusively an A. O. H. chair for the teaching of the Irish language, a wild shout of exultation burst forth from the audience, and everybody felt that he was only too glad to be a member of the A. O. H. and have the honor to pay his share of the $50 000 which has been pledged as an endowment fund by the gallant members of the A. O. H.

After songs and music, the reverend chairman then introduced to the audience Mrs. Daniel Curley and her two beautiful little boys.

Father Cartan feelingly remarked that she was the widow of Mr. Daniel Curley, who was executed ten years ago, in connection with the Phœnix Park affair in Dublin, in which case Carey acted the traitor, thereby securing his liberty, only to receive the death of a traitor at the hands of the avenger, Patrick O'Donnell.

Mrs. Curley told the audience the last conversation she had with her husband immediately before his execution, in which he told her that the prison doctor came to him with several thousand pounds sterling as a bribe, and also offering him his liberty, provided he would become an informer. He was given two hours to think the matter over in his cell. He would not become an informer, and concluded to die rather than leave a dishonored name to his wife and children.

Father Cartan said he had no doubt the unsullied spirit of Daniel Curley was in heaven with other martyrs who died for justice's sake, and as he died for Ireland—the sons of Ireland owed a debt of gratitude to his gallant name. His noble spirit was present here tonight in the persons of his faithful wife and two handsome little boys, who were, and ought to be the wards of all true Irishmen wherever met. It was a solemn obligation resting on Irishmen to see that the widow of Daniel Curley and his children were honorably provided for and placed beyond the pale of want. He said he felt that the A. O. H. had just the kind of stamina in their makeup to provide Mrs. Curley and her children with a comfortable home, and in order to emphasize his remarks, and to show how sincerely he felt on this subject, he proposed then and there to subscribe the sum of $50 toward a fund to provide a home for Mrs. Curley and her children. Daniel Curley died for the cause that is near and dear to the heart of every true Hibernian.

This appeal was too true and too forcible to be rejected by the audience, and it was then and there resolved that the A. O. H. of Chicago should show their respect for Daniel Curley by seeing to it that his wife and children will be provided for in a becoming manner. Father O'Sullivan was duly chosen treasurer of the fund. He subscribed $20, and Father Green subscribed $20 also. An executive committee from the following divisions was appointed to bring the matter before the county board at their first regular meeting in June: P. O'Sullivan, Division No 9; M Mulcahy, Division No. 17; M. Lynch, Division No. 11; James Thomas, No. 19; M. Cavanaugh, Division No. 35; Brother Flannigan, ex-officio chairman. At this juncture, feeling highly pleased, the reverend gentlemen retired, and the members of No 35 with their invited guests, continued the pleasantries of the evening away into the wee sma' hours o' the morn, when all went homeward, happy as could be.

A. O. H. men cannot be too well acquainted, and by thus bringing our brethren together on such pleasant occasions, they will know one another on sight. There is now a good beginning made, and I hope from time to time henceforth to be enabled to write you of many similar events.

P. DEVER.
V. P. Div. No. 9, South Chicago.

NEWSPAPER DEAD-BEATS.

Every newspaper published, the *Catholic* not excepted, is cursed with an occasional subscriber whose soul seems to be made of the fag end of the material, and a skimp pattern at that. We are always thankful when such lift themselves from our list. The sooner the better. They generally refuse to take the paper from the office after having taken it two or three years without paying a cent for it—plain stealing with an insult added—or else they move away without saying a word or paying a nickel. Or they at once discover that they never ordered it; never received it regularly (not more than half the time) and won't pay for it. In either case it is a cowardly act; such as no honorable person would be guilty of. The proper way to stop a newspaper is to pay up first and then stop it any way you please afterward. If you are a gentleman and don't owe a cent, walk into the office, look the gentleman in charge full in the eyes, and tell him you don't wish the paper or can't afford it. If you are not honest put it back into the post office and mark it "refused."—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

THE DECORATION DAY PARADE.

[*Chicago Eagle.*]

The Decoration Day parade was a credit to the city of Chicago, and a credit to American patriotism, with one remarkable exception, which will be referred to later on.

The day was damp and dreary, but this fact did not deter 6,000 stalwart men from turning out with all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

The crack cavalry company of which this great city is so justly proud, the Chicago Hussars, headed the line on their superb horses, resplendent in magnificent uniforms. From County Trearurer Chas. Kern, whose fine riding, elegant furnishings, and soldierly bearing made him the cynosure of all eyes, down to the rawest recruit, the Hussars looked well. They will be a great feature of the World's Fair parade next fall.

The grizzled veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic tramped along behind Chief Marshal Frank C. Vierling, like the thorough soldiers that they are, and they deserved all of the applause which was so liberally bestowed upon them.

The Fifteenth Regulars were superb.

The police, as usual, were "out of sight" for appearance and drill, while the gallant boys of the fire department looked well, as they always do.

The Sheridan Guards, the Knights of Pythias and the Cadet corps generally came in for a good share of applause.

The Sons of Veterans, under Maj. H. E. Gerry, looked like soldiers and marched like heroes.

But there was one section of the procession which was a blight upon its beauty and an insult to its respectability.

And that was the section given up to the low-brained Irish Orange bigots, who falsely call themselves the Patriotic Order of Sons of America.

Half of these misshapen reprobates were smoking cigars in the line or squirting tobacco juice at the spectators.

From their appearance every Chinese opium joint in the city must have been ransacked to find the specimens of humanity who paraded as members of this order.

Sallow-faced and undersized, with the shiftless cut of loafers, and the sullen, unintelligible glare of bigots, the "Patriotic Order of Sons of America" were out of place in that parade.

They should never be permitted in another patriotic procession.

A Decoration Day parade is intended to make people love each other and respect our great country. It is not intended to foment religious discord and give blackguards a chance to air themselves. But in the way of contrast and of showing what loafers compose its membership, the turning out of the hundred or so Belfast toughs, under a name which ill fits them, was a good thing in its way. It showed people what they were.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold Process; do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to over 120 families; anyone will pay a dollar for directions, when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars, round home, in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions, to any of your readers, for 18 two cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc., to me.

MRS. WILLIAM BAIRD, Bennett, Pa.

OBITUARY.

MR PATRICK HICKS.

Mr. Patrick Hicks, of Spring Valley, Ill., brother of Mr. James Hicks, a prominent Irish-American citizen of that place, got accidentally drowned in the Illinois river at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning. Mr. Hicks was born in Moher, Kilglass parish, Roscommon, Ireland, forty years ago, and was the third son of Patrick Hicks and Mary Donohoe, who still reside on the farm in the old country. He leaves a widow and three children. Mr. Hicks was well and favorably known throughout the State, and his death is greatly deplored.

A. O. H.

At the monthly meeting of Division No 6, A. O. H., held last Sunday, a committee was appointed to arrange all details for the picnic to be held on Saturday, July 2, at Oswald's Grove, and report at the special meeting to be held on Sunday, June 19, at Gahan's hall, Forty second and Halsted street; at which special meeting new members will be admitted.

P. QUIGLEY, Rec. Sec'y.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p. m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S Fee, G. P. & T. A. N P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

GREEN VERSUS ORANGE.

If an Irish Nationalist should dare
To defy a law he's loathing,
He is clapped in jail,
Without chance of bail,
And arrayed in prison clothing;
And special Coercion acts are passed,
Of a quite abnormal rigour,
To make his offense
Seem more intense,
And its punishment all the bigger.

If an Irish Orangeman threatens, though
Upon force to place reliance,
He at once is told,
By the Marquis bold,
To persist in his defiance;
And assured by him in a public speech,
Which perforce must make his pulse stir,
That a legal crime
Is a deed sublime,
If its only done in Ulster.

What's blackest of treason further south,
And in Cork is heinous, very;
Is with virtue classed
In Orange Belfast,
And is deemed quite right in Derry.
Thus north and south of the Boyne we see
The reward of rebellion vary—
'Tis a civic crown
In the county Down,
And a cell in Tipperary!

—*Truth.*

IRISH NEWS.

A labor demonstration was held on Saturday, May 21, in Derry. Catholic and Orange bands taking part.

Seven transatlantic steamers called at Queenstown a couple of weeks ago, and embarked 2,286 emigrants for America.

Pleuro-pneumonia is spreding in Ulster. Numbers of cattle have already had to be destroyed.

Arrangements are on foot for the holding of a horse show in Galway during the month of July.

The Dungarvan town commissioners have decided to apply to the local government board to recommend the board of works to grant a loan of £3,000 for the erection of artisan's dwellings in the town.

During the past three or four days destructive fires have broken out in the extensive peat bogs scattered over the East Tyrone, resulting in hundreds of pounds of turf being destroyed. They are believed to have originated accidentally.

At a meeting of the Cork corporation on last Friday week it was decided to levy a rate of ¼d. in the £, which would amount to about £300 a year, for the purpose of a free library in Cork, the library to be in the School of Art, instead of the mayor's office.

The Mitchelstown board of guardians, at their last meeting, adopted resolutions in favor of the claims of the Christian Brothers to recognition under the Education bill, and on the extension of the thirteenth clause of the Land Purchase act in the interest of the evicted tenants.

The railway commissioners have decided that the Midland Great Western Railway Company should give to the Dublin and Wicklow and Wexford Company running powers over the former company's Liffey Junction line in connection with the working of the latter company's loop line.

The libel action by Mr. Manning, T. C., of Waterford, against Mr. Magrath, proprietor of the Waterford *Citizen* has been settled before the Exchequer Division on the terms of the defendant apologizing and paying the plaintiff £40 and all costs. The alleged libel was a statement that the plaintiff had published placards inciting the citizens of Waterford to injure Mr. J. Dillon, M. P.

A special meeting of the Newry branch of the Irish National Federation was held on last Tuesday week, the Rev. Father McPolin, Adm., in the chair. It was stated that the selected candidate, Mr. Patrick Carvill, had announced his intention of visiting Newry in a short time to open the political campaign on the Nationalist side.

The prosecutions instituted by Mr. P. H. Meade, pawnbroker, Sullivan's-quay, Cork, against Mr. E. Fitzgerald, P. L. G., in connection with the recent poor law election in the South ward, Cork, concluded on Friday of last week. Mr. Harvey, R. M., and Col. Lunham constituted the court. The defendant was fined in each of five cases £10, not to be cumulative. Mr. Healy intimated that it was his intention to test the decision of the magistrates in a higher court.

The Dublin corporation has passed a resolution to undertake the collection of the municipal rates on and after Jan. 1, 1893, and a further resolution that the lord lieutenant should be requested to make no appointments to the office of collector-general of rates in the meantime without consulting the public bodies interested. The corporation also unanimously resolved to request the government to introduce a bill giving increased latitude in the expenditure for main drainage, and providing that any loan for that purpose shall not be reckoned in the amount which the corporation may borrow under the Public Health act.

At the last meeting of the Kilmoyee Branch of the Federation, the Very Rev. Canon O'Hara in the chair, a resolution was unanimously adopted condemning the evictions of four families, which have recently been carried out by Lord Dillon through his agent, Mr. Hussey. Two years' rent and costs had been offered by the tenants in settlement, but was refused, and the evictions proceeded with, about thirty police being present. After the evictions the houses were dismantled by the emergencymen. A further resolution was adopted calling on the government not to lend the forces of the Crown for such barbarous purposes.

While some of the horses and elephants engaged at Sanger's circus were being driven through Great Britain street, Dublin, on Friday of last week, a horse which was attached to a cart laden with manure took fright, and knocked down a woman named Parker, and before the animal could be got under control the wheels of the cart passed over her body. She was at once driven by a police constable to the Jervis street hospital, where she died shortly after admission. Another scene occurred in a different part of the city also arising out of the promenading of the animals of Sanger's circus. A monkey escaped from its cage while the cavalcade was passing along Stephen's green, and after an exciting race through Dawson street ran into the wine stores of Messrs. Green, where it was captured. No injury was done.

On the 27th ult., the impressive ceremony of the reception of a postulant took place in the chapel of the Convent of Mercy, Trim. The young lady who had the happiness of receiving the holy habit was Miss Katie Maher, third daughter of the late Thomas Maher, of Balbriggan. In the absence of the bishop—the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty—the ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Hugh Behan, P.P., V.F., Trim; assisted by the Rev. C Murray, Navan, and Rev. J. Skelly, C. C. Trim. Among the clergy present were: The Ven. Archdeacon Keogh, P. P, V. F., Balbriggan; Rev. Father Egan, C. C., Trim; Rev. Father Brady, P. P.; Rev. Father Leonard, Rev. Father Cantwell, Rev. Father Rooney, Rev. Father Brogan, Rev. Father O'Connell, Rev. Father McNammie, Rev. J. McSwiney, Balbriggan; and many others whose names we were, unfortunately, unable to procure. Many lay relatives and friends of Miss Maher were also present.—*Irish Catholic.*

The Gaelic Class.

The meeting on Sunday, June 5, was numerously attended. The question of the bearskin or cloth chapeau was not decided on, as we wait to receive suggestions from Mr. Thomas Shea, military costumer, No. 126 W. Madison street, who was unavoidably absent. Meanwhile positions for captains and lieutenants are open to good looking well educated Irish gentlemen, who are not ashamed to speak the language of their ancestors, and we expect many such next week. The work of translating Upton's tactics into Irish has been commenced, and Prof. O'Gallagher will be ready by the time my letter to Mr. Cronan intimated to have it in press It will not be printed in the old Gothic letter but in the Roman, with sufficient explanations to enable all to read it with a little assistance from the Gaelic class. The letter will be large and plain and the paper will be made of Irish linen bleached in Belfast, and the shamrock will be watered in the paper. Altogether the work, when completed, will be an honor to Chicago in literary ability. The binding will be green and gold, and the book will be sold at the bare cost of production. Mr. O'Gallagher read, "in extenso," the lecture in behalf of the Irish language delivered in the "rebel city" of Cork two weeks ago, which was a masterly effort and highly applauded. The class meets in City Clerk Von Cleave's office, City hall, from 3 to 5 p, Sundays.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

UNITED STATES COURT.

An Editor Acquitted of the Charge of Printing a Lottery Advertisement.

Joseph Mueller who was charged with having published a lottery advertisement in the *Dodge County Pioneer*, at Mayville, was acquitted in the United States Court recently. The case is an important victory for the Louisiana State Lottery. It was charged that a certain notice that appeared in the paper, which is a German weekly, was an advertisement under the new law forbidding the mailing of publications containing lottery advertisements. The card read as follows:

CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!
CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

While it is true that I have been elected president of the Louisiana State Lottery company, vice M. A. Dauphin, deceased, I am still president of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing company, and all orders for material, machinery, etc., as well as all other business letters should be addressed to me as before. PAUL CONRAD, Box 1 358, New Orleans.

Gen. E. S. Bragg, of Fond du Lac, defended Mueller, arguing that the advertisement did not come within the scope of the statute. The jury was out but a few minutes.—*Milwaukee (Wis) Sentinel.*

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

CORNER STONE LAID.

Ceremonies at the New Church and School of St Aloysius.

Another fine building was added on Sunday afternoon to the already imposing cluster in the Catholic center of the northwest section of the city. The Elizabeth hospital and the Josephinum were gayly decorated with red, white and blue and with the yellow and white of the vatican. The archbishop returned from LaGrange in time to attend the ceremonies at the new church and school of St Aloysius at Le Moyne and Davis streets. A crowd of between 4 000 and 5,000 persons collected to witness the ceremonies, which were impressive. Archbishop Feehan laid the corner stone, and Father D. M. Thiele, pastor of Holy Trinity church and a brother of St. Aloysius' pastor, delivered an address in German. Nearly all of the Germes and Polish societies took part in the parade. Among the organizations present were: Knights of St. George, St. Mathias, St. Michael, Catholic Foresters, four companies Alphonsus Liebesbund, St. Joseph, St. Boniface, St. Vincent, St. Alphonsus, St. Nicholas, St. Nicolaus Unterstutzungs Verein, St. Theresa, St. Stanislaus.

The new building is to replace the more modest church of which Rev. A. J. Thiele is pastor. The parish was founded only seven years ago and now embraces nearly 650 families. The lower floors will serve as a parochial school for boys under the direction of the brothers of St. Mary. The upper floor will accommodate a thousand persons and will be used for church services. The architecture of the church is Romanesque. The material will be pressed brick, trimmed with Ashland brownstone, rock faced. The school will be 64 by 130 feet and the gilded cross will rise 118 feet above the ground.

CONVENTION OF UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

A convention of the United Irish Societies will be held at Fitzgerald's hall, corner of Adams and Halsted streets, at 2 o'clock sharp on Sunday, June 19, 1892, for the purpose of making arrangements for the holding of the next Irish National demonstration to be held at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15. All Irish American societies desiring to participate in this convention are each entitled to send three delegates.

WILLIAM H JOYCE, Pres't.
JOHN DOWLING, Sec'y.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:35 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:25 a. m; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:59 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p. m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p. m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL.

EASY PAYMENTS OR CASH.

Gents' Suits, Ready Made or Made to Order. Facilities First Class. Prices guaranteed 25 per cent less than anywhere, as we can afford it, owing to lack of expenses. Watches and Diamonds. Everything Ladies' Apparel. Furniture and Pianos. Boys' Suits.

JAMES T. CLARKE, Manager,

112 S. CLARK-ST.

Rooms 526 & 528. Chicago Opera House.

TELEPHONE 2456.

JAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY, ROOM 1208 UNITY BUILDING, 79 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph J. Sullivan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 23, 1892.

CHARLES J. SULLIVAN, Administrator.

James McEnerney, Attorney.

GEORGE B. HENNESSY, ATTORNEY, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Superior Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1892. Martha J Eldridge vs. Frank N. Eldridge. In Chancery. No. 189,542.

Affidavit of the non residence of Frank N. Eldridge, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said Frank N. Eldridge that the complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court, against said defendant, returnable at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of July next 1892, as is by law required.

Now, unless you, the said Frank N. Eldridge, shall personally be and appear before said Superior Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof to be holden at Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of July, 1892, and plead, answer, or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

P. McGRATH, Clerk.

George B. Hennessy, Complainant's Solicitor.

WILL SHE REMEMBER?

She is coming, my love, over the sea,
She is coming back once more;
I will hasten to the port and be
The first she shall meet on shore.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
Her feet trod all was for they,
The day that she went away?

Where art and poetry were born
She has lingered, in palace and dome;
She has sailed to the isles of the morn,
She has trodden the streets of Rome.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
She took not with scorn of home,
The day that she went away?

She has drunk of the grape where the vine
On the purple hillside grows;
She has passed the bound of the pine
And slaked her thirst in the snows.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
She drew where thy life blood flows,
The day that she went away?

She has learned the language of love
From lips that laugh in the sun,
Where the skies are so clear above,
Her eyes fresh blue will have won.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
Her tears o'er our kiss did run,
The day that she went away?

When she left she was slender and straight
As the youngest tree in the wood,
But now she will come back great
In the charms of her womanhood.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
She promised a changeless state,
The day that she went away?

Her tall ship's sails are full
With the wind that blows from the south;
The stalwart rowers pull
Her skiff from the harbor mouth.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
I was here to see her depart,
The day when she went away?
—Robert Bridges in New York Sun.

A BOMBSHELL.

The return of New Year's day recalls always to my memory an episode of the siege of Paris, which gained me some credit. I am proud of it.

Let the reader be assured. I shall not conduct him to the ramparts, nor to the outposts, but only to the Rue Trevise and the house of my old friend Dutailly, a rich manufacturer of chemicals, the husband of an excellent wife, the father of a charming daughter, a skillful manufacturer, a good patriot, a little foolish respecting politics, but after all the best fellow in the world.

Surprised by the investment of Paris when he had packed his trunks to leave, he was consoled by the conviction that the city would not hold out a week. Better advised, Mme. Dutailly began at first by provisioning the house, in which she amassed such an abundance of food that had the siege lasted three months longer the Dutaillys would never have starved. Then she finished her work by putting in her small garden a cow, a poultry house, even a pigsty, that three months later was worth its weight in gold.

In the month of October we blessed her. I first, for whom a plate was placed on the Dutailly table Tuesday and Sunday evenings, and who found there a recompense for the privations of the rest of the week. Why should not one be delighted in these days of scarcity at the sight of a lard omelette, or a morsel of cheese moistened by excellent wines which had no percentage, a rare thing considering the chemicals of the house?

I was not the only guest received at this hospitable mansion. Another person had his plate by the side of mine, young Anatole Brichant, principal clerk of the manufactory, the future partner and son-in-law of Dutailly. This quiet, serious and somewhat diffident young man was very much in love with the daughter of his patron, and Mlle. Gertrude was not insensible to his affection. Without having exchanged a word, the attentions of Brichant were received with favor by the Dutaillys, and the union of the two young people was tacitly agreed upon; but unfortunately the war postponed the event.

Brichant, a corporal in the corps, moved to the Seine and barracks of St. Denis, did his duty as a soldier conscientiously, as he did everything else, but without enthusiasm; it must be confessed he execrated this siege, which postponed his happiness, and mildly criticised the operations with a little bitter feeling. These criticisms did not fail to irritate Dutailly, who was a follower of General Trochu. There was something else; The Times just at that time published a series of articles whose author reconstructed the military operations of the province according to his own fancy.

Dutailly had taken these fancies as matters of fact. He placed his little flags on the chart, at the points decided upon by the strategist of The Times, followed with anxiety the fictitious marches and counter marches, and predicted after a brief delay decided victories for us. Brichant, incredulous, offered a timid objection. Dutailly was excited and angry. I interrupted to stop the discussion, but the host at the bottom of his heart was not consoled for all the battles his clerk prevented him from gaining.

The presence of a new guest complicated the matter still more. I was surprised one evening arriving late to find my place at the right of Mme. Dutailly occupied by a red faced, broad shouldered and boastful stranger. He wore the epaulettes of a captain on his fantastic uniform—the cast off clothing of some theater—and was shod with enormous boots, in which it was impossible for me to recognize a hero.

"M. Robillard," said M. Dutailly, introducing us, "captain of the Enfants Perdus de Courbevoie."

Before I had finished the soup I had made up my mind respecting Robillard. The exploits of the soldier of fortune consisted of stripping the houses in the suburbs of the furniture that might tempt the greed of the enemy and putting it in a safe place. I asked how it happened that this heavy featured man had come this evening to partake of our cheese. Mme. Dutailly told me with some feeling she had had a fall on the Boulevard Poissonniere, slippery with frost. Robillard, who was passing, had carried her, slightly bruised and partially insensible, to the nearest chemist and returned home with her. Out of gratitude she could do no less than invite her preserver to dinner. This explanation satisfied me. I hoped to be rid of the hero from that time.

The rogue was no fool. He said he was interested in a large coal mining business that obliged him to journey over Europe, and entertained us very pleasantly with reminiscences of his travels. The war brought him to Paris, whose danger claimed his presence. As to his exploits in the suburbs at the head of the Enfants Perdus they passed all credence. Mme. Dutailly listened to these falsehoods with pleasure. Dutailly was desirous to believe, too. Gertrude alone was incredulous. As to poor little Anatole, paler and more lost than ever in his large blouse and afflicted besides with a cold in the head, which makes one ridiculous, he seemed crushed by the neighborhood of the great braggart, who did not fail to treat him to painful allusions, scornful glances and unpleasant comparisons.

I made an excuse to leave after the coffee, disgusted with the boasting of this gascon, to whom I thought to bid adieu forever. In that I was deceived. On the following morning, Sunday, I found him in the same place; then on Tuesday. Finally he had his plate placed at all our repasts.

The Dutailly household was fascinated. Robillard had interested Mme. Dutailly by his good humor and a graceful gallantry to which no woman of her age is insensible, and Papa Dutailly by the interest he seemed to take in the military operations of The Times and in arranging the little flags on the chart. Anatole, still suffering from his cold, lost at every meal by this braggart all the ground he had gained.

His disrepute was more obvious after the affair of Bourget, where the courageous boy had bravely done his duty, and whence he had returned wounded in the forearm. He told us about the fight, the death of Baroche, killed by his side, the surrender and retreat, the sad end of a brave combat, with so pitiable a despondency that the captain treated him for a while as a deserter and coward. If he did not continue to do so, it was only out of regard for his entertainers, but he made him understand it. With what a noble indignation he demonstrated that, if the Enfants Perdus had been there, the fight would have had another result. Thereupon, excited, he sketched a plan of sortie by the heights of Montmorency, Cormeilles, with the passage of the Oise, marching on Rouen, and then arriving triumphantly at Havre, which moved Dutailly to enthusiasm; while poor Anatole, humiliated, and suffering greatly from his still open wound, received no attention from any one but Gertrude and myself.

On the next day he had a fever and kept his bed, and for some weeks was absent from our meals. The captain quickly established his pretensions to the hand of Gertrude and her parents did not discourage him. The day on which Anatole returned to us convalescent, but thinner than ever, it seemed to me that Mlle. Gertrude's eyes were red, and she had on that day quarreled with her mother, who was more infatuated than ever with Robillard. I thought it time to interfere in behalf of the poor children. This day was the last Sunday of the year, and consequently we spoke of the new year, saying that we ought to have a family festival.

"Certainly, Mme. Dutailly," cried the captain. "I must prepare a surprise for your gift."

That gave me an idea for mine.

On New Year's day Dutailly welcomed us very cordially. The strategist of The Times was soundly to beat Prince Charles in the environs of Coreux, after having drawn him there by a simulated retreat, which was the finest deed of arms of modern times. Dutailly told us this good news for our gift. Anatole presented a rabbit he had caught in a net in the devastated Isle of St. Denis, a pet rabbit which had returned to its wild state. As for the captain, he gave Mme. Dutailly a large bag of marrons glaces in a German helmet.

"Dear madame," he said smiling, "I would have liked to offer you the head of the owner of this helmet."

"What!" cried Mme. Dutailly, filled with admiration, "have you killed him?"

"To offer you this box of bonbons. May I say it is not in the power of every one? I will relate the adventure, as you think so well of the actor."

He had watched, surprised and frightened the wearer of the helmet, a deserting sentinel, while hiding in a cask, and in a hand to hand fight had strangled him in order not to attract the notice of the enemy by firing his revolver. Oh, what a miserable appearance this rabbit caught in a net, also strangled, made by the side of this glorious trophy!

"As for me," said I, "I cannot rival the captain with so brave a gift, yet I also have my little surprise. But it has not yet arrived; we will dine without it."

We sat down at the table, and the repast was very gay. They had killed a pig for the occasion, and the black pudding was a great success. We were having the coffee and had lighted our cigars when an artilleryman placed my gift in the drawing room.

We passed into the room where the object lay on a table, wrapped in a frosted paper tied with a blue ribbon.

"What can that be?" said Mme. Dutailly.

"Do not open it, dear madame; it is a shell."

"A shell?"

"Dutailly has often expressed his desire to have a shell, a genuine one that had been used, and my friend Roland, commander of a battery, at my request, sent me one from the plateau d'Arron which failed to explode in falling."

While speaking I untied the blue ribbon and tore off the paper. The shell appeared, black, sinister, menacing.

"Zounds!" said Dutailly. "You delight me. I will hang it in my cabinet."

"But," said Mme. Dutailly anxiously, "if it has not exploded?"

"Don't be nervous; it was agreed that Roland should send me one unloaded and empty. See his letter."

I opened a letter pasted on the side of the shell and prepared to read it aloud, but at the first line my countenance expressed surprise, then anxiety, for every one exclaimed:

"What is the matter?"

"Alas," I said, "listen, and I will read it:

"DEAR FRIEND—I send the shell requested. Only it has been impossible to find an artilleryman who knew how to unload it. Make him carry it to the house of the armorer near the entrance to the opera house, who can do it very skillfully. Take the greatest care. The least blow, the least friction, for it is only the thickness of paper, and the shell will explode"—

I was interrupted by cries of fear.

"Take it away," cried Mme. Dutailly. "It is terrible! this shell in my drawing room!"

"Alas!" said I, extending my hand.

"Do not touch it."

"Be calm! Be assured! The artilleryman who brought it will take it away."

"But, sir," said the servant, who stood trembling on the doorsill, "he has already gone."

New exclamations.

"Then," said I, "it is I"——

"I forbid you," quickly cried Dutailly. "You have not the strength to carry that all the way to the opera house."

"You will only let it fall on the staircase or in the ante-room.

Mme. Dutailly clung to me.

"Not you; it is too dangerous! not you!"

"This," said Dutailly, "is the deed of a soldier, a strong soldier; happily the captain is that!"

"I!" said the captain.

"Yes, you are as strong as a Turk and can do such deeds. You play with balls and shells as a schoolboy plays with marbles and football!"

"Pardon me, pardon me," objected the captain, growing pale, "it is a shell—the devil! Can't you wait until to-morrow to have it taken away?"

"What!" cried Mme. Dutailly, "to-morrow? Why, I cannot close my eyes all night! I shall go to a hotel to sleep!"

Then Anatole said, quietly:

"Remain at home, madame; I will carry away the shell.

Dutailly stopped him.

"You are a fool, my dear boy, just convalescent with your weak arm. Do you wish to blow up the house?"

"Truly," said I, "this is not the task of a weak man."

"But the captain," said Dutailly, "I have confidence only in him. Go quickly, captain, take the monster and deliver us from this nightmare."

The captain at this moment felt badly, that was evident, but he was not disconcerted by so small a matter. "Surely," said he, smiling, "that is my right. I only wished to say, as you interrupted me several times, that to take this object and to walk is too dangerous. It is slippery, and a single false step might kill ten people in the street. To take it in a carriage is the only way."

"But a carriage," replied Dutailly, "at this time? They are nearly all required for ambulances."

"True," said the captain. "General Smith, who brought me to your house, dines at the Brabant, and his carriage is waiting at the door of the restaurant. I will ask him to loan it to me, as he is a friend of mine. It is done. Taking time to buckle on my sword belt and go there, it will be ten minutes or a quarter of an hour more."

"Go quickly," said Mme. Dutailly, "I shall not live longer than that time."

"I will run, dear madame." Saying this, the captain took his military cap and cloak and went. By the way he ran down the stairs it was evident he was in a hurry.

I went back to the drawing room, where fear reigned. Mme. Dutailly wavered between the wish to fly and the desire to watch over the shell. Without seeming to do so, I looked out into the moonlit street.

"It would have been so easy to let me take it," murmured Anatole.

"Be silent," replied Dutailly, a little surprised by the quiet courage of this boy. "It is better the captain should do it."

"Provided," groaned madame, "he does not wait too long."

"He will wait, dear lady," said I gayly. "You may count on that. For he will never come back."

"He will never come back?"

"Certainly not. The way to go to the Brabant House is to take the right hand street; he went to the left and very quickly."

"What do you mean?"

"I wish to say, friend Dutailly, that your captain is an impostor, and I rejoice to have dismounted the batteries of this boaster by the aid of this engine." Then taking a photograph album I struck a blow on the top of the shell, which broke into a thousand pieces—of chocolate, and scattered on the carpet a volley of sugar plums, burned almonds and pistachio nuts.

A shout of laughter greeted the explosion, and, I may say, the climax.

Three months later Anatole married Gertrude.

And the captain was never heard of after.—Translated from the French of Victorien Sardou for the New York Home Journal.

A Popular Study.

Uncle Wayback—Now, wot's th' use o' teachin gals all these new fangled studies? Wot good is this 'ere astronomy you're studyin?

City Niece—Why, uncle, it's a delightful subject to talk about on moonlight evenings. We point out Venus, and then the young man says something pretty, and then—see that ring?—New York Weekly.

White as a Color.

Speaking scientifically, white is a combination of all colors; that is, the pure light of the sun, when decomposed by the spectrum analysis, shows that it is made up of all the colors. Speaking popularly, white is a color, as a paint, and is not a color, as when we say that a person was "perfectly colorless."—New York Sun.

THICKLY POPULATED

A SPOT IN NEW YORK CITY THAT IS VERY DENSELY SETTLED.

Nothing Like It Anywhere—No Other Place on Earth Has So Many Inhabitants in One Square Mile—There Are 350,000 People Living in This Section.

One square mile of New York city's area, inclusive of streets and public squares, has a population of more than 350,000. It is possible to plot on the map an irregular district covering a territory of a square mile which will have a population of half a million, but to do that one would have to zigzag over the map, picking out thickly populated blocks. It is not possible to plot an area with a population of more than 400,000 living in a compact and contiguous territory. That population of more than 350,000 to a square mile is not exceeded anywhere else. It is the most thickly populated spot on the earth.

The large population is possible because the builders and real estate owners of New York are more modern and more inventive than those in European cities. The densely populated tenements in New York are not usually the property of estates, handed down from generation to generation, like the property of the Astors and the Duke of Westminster, the largest real estate owner in London. No man can manage a large block of tenement property so well as several small owners can. He will not get much revenue from it, and he will not see that it is filled with tenants; neither will he improve it so promptly.

The most thickly populated quarter of New York is owned by hundreds of men and many comparatively small estates. The owners, or agents, give their whole time to the management of property, and whenever they can get a rate of income 1 or 2 per cent. higher they will tear down an old building and put up the modern tenement in its stead. They cannot afford to let their land lie idle and pay their taxes and assessments on it for its prospective profits, as do the large landowners of Manhattan island. Many of the owners have bought tenements with their savings in the same neighborhood where they made their money. The tax rolls show that a large share of the tenement property is owned by men of foreign names and birth who came to New York as poor immigrants and now own the property where more recent immigrants live, and where the owners store as many of them as they can and charge as much rent as they can get.

No known form of habitation will hold more people than the lower class lodging houses and cheap tenements on the east side and the west side between Ninth and Twelfth avenues. Neither Chinatown, in San Francisco, the lowest quarters of an Asiatic city, nor the slums of London or Paris will hold so many people to the acre, because three and four story buildings are comparatively rare in either place, while a five story tenement is seldom known. In the poorer quarters of London the owners spend little money on improvements when they are not compelled to by the health authorities, because any expenditure for improvements would have to come out of their income at first, and they do not want their incomes curtailed.

The most densely populated square mile in New York does not include Five Points and Chinatown. It might be made to zigzag over to the Tombs, taking in Pell and Dover streets, the Mulberry bend and Baxter bay, but Paradise park, the Tombs, the new criminal court house, and the numerous intersecting streets in that neighborhood take up so much of the space that the section is not so thickly populated as that near Stanton and Rivington streets, where Avenue C begins, and down Pitt, Ridge, Essex, Ludlow and the other east side streets which stop at Houston street. Close by Houston street and Avenue C is the most thickly settled block, with a rate of population of more than a million to the mile.

The most thickly populated square mile includes the whole of the Eighth assembly district, all of the Twelfth except the three election districts along the water front, all of the Sixth west of Lewis street, all of the Fourth except the five districts along the East river, and all of the Tenth and Fourteenth except the ten election districts between Second avenue and the Bowery and Third avenue. It includes Tompkins square, which is as large as three avenue blocks and has no population, the small squares at the intersections of Canal street and the large manufactories. The exact boundaries are Fourteenth street, Second avenue, Houston street, the Bowery, Catharine street, Cherry street, Jackson street, Grand street for a block, Sixth street for a short block, and Avenue D back to Fourteenth street.

In that district, not counting the squares and places at the intersections or diagonal streets, are 226 blocks, most of them small blocks, the whole averaging less than 500 feet one way by 200 feet the other way; 21 in the Fourteenth district, 34 in the Twelfth, 30 in the Tenth, 56 in the Eighth, 43 in the Sixth, 42 in the Fourth. The population of that area is: Fourth district, 60,868; Sixth, 64,327; Eighth, 89,262; Tenth, 44,493; Twelfth, 54,148; Fourteenth, 38,006; making a total of more than 350,000.

The Twelfth and Eighth districts average 1,600 people to the block, while the highest average population to the block is in the Fourteenth district, around Tompkins square. The larger number of people around Tompkins square is accounted for by the larger size of the blocks, as they are all avenue blocks from 650 to 700 feet in length, while further down town the blocks are not two-thirds that size. The most densely populated neighborhood is at the upper part of the Sixth district and the lower part of the Tenth district, around Rivington, Stanton and Houston streets.—New York Sun.

Patsey and His Pup.

Patsey Regan lives in "Goattown" and is seven years of age.

He owns a pup—of the yaller and yeller variety. The yells, indeed, are more yaller than the pup. And that deviltry in Goattown which isn't directly traceable to Patsey is indirectly traceable to Patsey's pup.

The two walked proudly out the other morning on their customary constitutional. Patsey was in front and the pup behind. The event of the walk was the pup's pausing a moment or two to breakfast on the seat of little Dominick Mullany's trousers. But Patsey didn't see this little episode, and Dominick was too much scared to yell.

Now Dominick has a mamma who has a good deal of ginger in her character. She lay in wait for Patsey.

Having accomplished the constitutional at the end of half an hour Patsey and the pup started on the return. Dominick's mamma met them.

"Say, you Regan!" she cried, "does that dog belong to you?"

"Which 'en?" inquired Patsey, taken by surprise.

"I say, is that dog yourn?"

Patsey looked from the scrowling woman to the miserable pup, and cogitated a moment.

"What fer?" he asked at length.

"What fer? 'Cause he bit my Dominick—that's what fer! Who's he belong ter?"

Patsey backed off carelessly. Then, with judicious weighing of words, he announced:

"Well, if he bit your Dominick, I don't know who he belongs ter. I never seed him afore."—New York Recorder.

Everything Adulterated.

In the following neat little fable some of the eccentricities of modern adulteration are delicately disclosed to the commonwealth of consumers by a contemporary German satirist:

There were once four flies, and as it happened they were hungry one morning. The first settled upon a sausage of singularly appetizing appearance and made a hearty meal, but he speedily died of intestinal inflammation, for the sausage was adulterated with aniline. The second fly breakfasted upon flour and forthwith succumbed to contraction of the stomach, owing to the inordinate quantity of alum with which the flour had been adulterated. The third fly was slacking his thirst with the contents of the milk jug, when violent cramps suddenly convulsed his frame and he soon gave up the ghost, a victim to chalk adulteration.

"Seeing this, the fourth fly, muttering to himself, "The sooner it's over the sooner to sleep," alighted upon a moistened sheet of paper exhibiting the counterfeit presentment of a death's head, and the inscription, "Fly poison." Fearlessly applying the tip of his proboscis to this device the fourth fly drank to his heart's content, growing more vigorous and cheerful at every mouthful, although expectant of his end. He did not die. On the contrary, he thrived and waxed fat. You see, even the fly paper was adulterated.

A False Prophet.

To a band of fanatics called "The Prophets" Chief Justice Holt, of England, had a particular antipathy. One of them named Lacy had been convicted and punished for some offense.

Holt having some time after committed another of this brotherhood called John Atkins to take his trial for seditious language, the same Lacy called at the chief justice's house in Bedford row and desired to see him.

Servant—My lord is unwell today and cannot see company.

Lacy (in a very solemn tone)—Acquaint your master that I must see him, for I bring a message to him from the Lord God.

The chief justice, having ordered Lacy in and demanded his business, was thus addressed, "I come to thee a prophet from the Lord God, who has sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a nolle prosequi for John Atkins, his servant, whom thou hast sent to prison."

Holt, C. J.—Thou art a false prophet and a lying knave. If the Lord God had sent thee, it would have been to the attorney general, for he knows that it belongeth not to the chief justice to grant a nolle prosequi. But I, as chief justice, can grant a warrant to convict thee to bear him company.

This was immediately done, and both prophets were convicted and punished. Atlanta Constitution.

He Saw It at Last.

Two young men stood on the front platform of the car smoking cigarettes. Occasionally they looked back into the car and commented upon the comical behavior and tricks of a dog inside. Finally the dog made itself obnoxious and the conductor ordered the man with the dog to get off and to take his dog with him. One of the young men was enraged.

"Say," said he in righteous indignation, turning to the driver, "that conductor of yours is an idiot. That dog wasn't doing anything, and I'll tell you what, that dog has a great deal more sense than some of your passengers."

The driver stopped swearing at his horses, looked up at the young man and smiled.

"Blamed if I don't believe you're right," he said.

The other young man smiled. Three minutes later the first young man came out of a deep study, looked at the driver for a second and jumped off the car.—Kate Field's Washington.

How to Manage Learned Names.

We recollect asking an old Scotch gardener whether he did not find it difficult to teach his apprentices the long, learned names. "I do that," he replied; "and—fac'—I dinna see hoo I could teach them without my memoria technica." Asked to give an example of it he pointed to a tree. "See there," said he, "yon's what they ca' a Cryptomeria japonica. Noo, I says to the lads, when ye want to mind the name o' that tree, think o' 'Creep-to-the-mear-an-jump-on-to-her.'"—London Spectator.

DANCING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Mexican Women Are Charming, but Their Lovers Are Unpleasantly Jealous.

A theatrical man was relating some of his experiences in the office of the Seventh Avenue hotel yesterday, and he told a story of a narrow escape he had in the west.

"I was ahead of an opera company which was playing on the Pacific coast a few years ago," said he, "and one day I struck a town on the Mexican border where I came near remaining permanently, as after events showed. There was a Mexican ball being held that evening, and in company with the local manager and a party of young fellows I dropped in to see the fun.

"I had heard a great deal of the beauty and manners of Mexican women and was curious to get a peep at Greaser society. The dance was in full blast when we arrived, and we had not been there long until we decided to take a hand in the fun. A pretty little senorita, with great lustrous eyes that would make a man mad if he looked at them too long, attracted my attention, and without the formality of an introduction I asked her for a dance. She accepted, and we whirled through a waltz, which she seemed to enjoy as much as I.

"She was as light and graceful as she was handsome, and when I seated her I took occasion to engage another dance, which was followed by another. It was a case of smitten, I confess, but one of my friends interrupted my dream by taking me to one side and saying: 'See here; do you want to get us all into trouble? If you don't you had better take a walk out of this place right away while you're in good health.' I asked him to explain, and he did so. 'Do you see that Greaser over there? Well, he's the lover of that girl you've been flirting with, and he's been watching you with a bad eye. There's going to be trouble here soon if we don't get out.'

"'Nonsense,' I replied, 'what do I care for the whole gang of yellow skinned dogs? I've got this dance engaged with my little charmer and I'm going to have it.' As the music struck up the senorita and I started out, but we had only danced a few measures when the circus began. Bang! went a revolver shot and a volley followed. The lights went out, my partner screamed and left me, and matters got very interesting in a very short space of time. At the first shot I dropped to the floor, and as the crowd was in the middle of the room I had little trouble in groping my way to the wall and finding the door.

"When I got on the outside I found my friends, who had made their escape when they saw what was coming, and they were greatly surprised to find me with a whole skin. 'These Greasers have their way of doing things,' remarked the local manager, and I agreed with him."—Pittsburg Post.

Getting Out of a Building.

Two young girls caused quite a breeze of excitement in Broadway, near Prince street, a few nights ago. They were employed in the packing department of a wholesale notions house in that vicinity, and on the night in question they found themselves locked in the building. Being engrossed in some pressing duty on one of the upper floors, they took no account of time, and the watchman who made the rounds of the building after all the employees had departed, as was supposed, overlooked the girls and went serenely to his home after sealing the store by letting down the iron roller shutters. When the girls found that they were locked in they became greatly frightened, and, not being able to find any way of communicating with the outside world, they sat down and cried like "the babes in the wood."

Suddenly an idea developed in the brain of one of the girls. She ran into the office on the main floor and pulled the burglar alarm. The response from the other end of the "alarm" was prompt. A portion of the iron shutter was pried open, and the half crazed girls were released, much to their own relief and the delight of a good natured multitude.—New York Times.

When Labouchere Was at Eton.

There is a characteristic story of Henry Labouchere in his Eton days. For some reason or other the head master decreed that he should get a flogging. He went through his flogging like a man, as one would expect who knows how much real grit, obstinacy and will lie underneath his superficialities. Then he insisted that he should get possession of the birch which had been the instrument of his punishment. There is, it seems, or there was, a tradition at Eton that the culprit had a right to his birch, and after some argumentation, in which Labby defended his point with characteristic tenacity and resource, the birch was handed over to him.

In Truth, about two years ago, Labby had a good deal to say about school discipline, and mentioned that in his day at Eton the extreme punishment was a birching, consisting of from four to ten cuts. "I ought to know something about it," he wrote, "for I have endured it in every degree from four to ten."—London Cor. New York World.

The Spitting Snake.

A snake found in Africa is called the spitting snake by the Boers. It is between two and three feet long, and is especially bold and active, readily attacking every one who approaches it. In confinement it is very savage, opening its mouth and erecting its fangs, from which the poison may be often observed to drop, and even sometimes to be forcibly ejected, whence the name given it by the Boers.—Quarterly Review

A Boy's Memory.

Mr. Suburb—I told you to go to the store this morning and get a rake and spend the day raking up the odds and ends in the garden. Why didn't you do it?

Little Boy—I—I couldn't rake up the garden.

"Why not?"

"I—I forgot to get a rake."—Good News.

ORTHOLF'S AERIAL DUCK TRAP.

It Runs Away with Two Men and Comes Down Only When Shot.

Chris Ortholf, the genial William street barber, whose ingenious mind keeps him busy when away from his keen edged razors working up some curious contrivance, and Peter Keller had a novel and thrilling experience while experimenting with a large balloon Tuesday afternoon. For some time Chris has been working upon a balloon designed to carry a small basket, in which he could sail over the meadows in duck season and from his aerial perch shoot the game as it passed over the high grass.

Accompanied by James Taft, Peter Keller and Joe McNulty, Chris carried his aerial contrivance to a point on the river road near the Jersey City water works. The balloon was tied down to stakes driven in the earth, and after being filled with hot air gracefully rose to a distance of several feet above the ground, moving with an undulating motion in the strong breeze blowing across the river.

It was intended that the balloon should rise to a certain height, and for this purpose a long rope had been attached to the basket with one end fastened to a tree. While Chris and Keller were holding the basket preparatory to attaching the rope, a strong wind caught the balloon, causing the ropes holding it down to break. Before the men could loosen their hold upon the basket the balloon shot up through the air with lightning rapidity, carrying Chris and Keller with it. The former attempted to get into the basket in order to reach the check line and allow the air to escape, but the smallness of the wicker box and its swaying motion frustrated his efforts.

The balloon rose to a distance of about thirty feet with the men clinging to the sides of the basket. It then moved out over the river and again began to rise gradually.

As the position of the men was becoming serious, their companions below became alarmed. Seeing that it was impossible for him to direct his airship, Chris called to Taft and McNulty to pierce the balloon with shots from the rifles which had been carried over by the men. Chris, knowing that the unerring aim of both McNulty and Taft, who are excellent marksmen, made him secure from receiving a charge from one of the rifles, decided it was the best course to pursue. Keller, however, became alarmed when the shots began to strike above his head, and was about to take the risk of dropping fifty feet into the river than run the chances of being shot, when he was prevailed upon to retain his hold.

In a short time the aim of the men below began to tell upon the balloon, and the perforations made in the side of the airship let out the air, causing it gradually to sink. When within twenty feet of the water a shot from one of the rifles struck one of Keller's fingers, and becoming excited he loosed his hold upon the basket and dropped into the river. The balloon was now sinking rapidly, and when the basket was within a few feet of the surface of the water Chris dropped into the river to aid Keller, who was struggling to keep afloat.

In the meantime the men upon the shore had manned a boat and were pulling with all their might toward the men in the water. Chris managed to keep his companion above water until the boat was alongside, and both men were soon dragged aboard. The balloon was also taken aboard, and although thoroughly soaked was not seriously damaged.—Belleville Press.

Cold Storage in the Polar Regions.

In the polar regions seal oil is buried in the ground in bags of skin. Meat is heaped upon platforms built among trees, which are peeled of bark in order to keep bears from climbing up them. Little sticks with sharp points upward are buried in the ice to distract the attention of the bears from the provisions overhead. Another kind of cache is in the shape of a strong pen, the main supports of which are standing trees, with brush and logs piled on top to keep out wild animals.

During the salmon catching season in arctic Alaska the heads of the fish are cut off and put into a hole in the ground. When they are half putrified they are dug up and eaten, being esteemed a great delicacy.—Chicago Herald.

The Thief Had the Drop.

Smith was trailing a horse thief. He had been on his track for two weeks and finally got into a small town in Dawson county about fifteen minutes behind him. The inspector learned the man was in a saloon, and he started after him. Opening the door, and before he could step in or out, he was surprised to find his horse thief was prepared for him. With his gun pointing directly at his pocket he called out: "I've got the drop this time, Mr. Inspector. Don't reach for your gun, but come and take a drink." Smith laughingly accepted the invitation, but two days afterward he got the drop, and that same horse thief is now over in Deer Lodge.—Helena Independent.

How "Masaniello" Was Performed.

Here is a quaint but crushing reference of 1831 to a theatrical representation in Lancaster:

The opera of "Masaniello" has been got up at this Lancaster theater, the music being left out, no doubt by very particular desire, inasmuch as there were only five persons in the orchestra. An Irish jig was substituted for the overture, and a Scotch dance was one of the chief attractions of the piece.—London Saturday Review.

Suits Against Witches.

I have noted in various parts of the United States more than fifty suits instituted by persons against those who they claimed had bewitched them, but under existing laws the accused could not be prosecuted except where money had been obtained under false pretenses, or overt acts of crime had been suggested or committed.—Dr. Buckley in Century.

SUPERIOR

to all other medicines for purifying the blood and restoring the health and strength,

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

is the standard specific for Scrofula, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Debility.

Cures Others will cure you.

After boring to a depth of over 1,800 feet the workmen at the Champaign, Ills., gas well struck a vein of salt water. Further work will be abandoned.

Charles Taylor, a veteran conductor of the Vandalia system, was run over and fatally injured by his freight train a few miles north of Terre Haute on the Logansport division.

John S. Allen, son of the millionaire steamship man, and Mrs. R. Y. Hebden, the wife of a Montreal banker, have eloped.

German sugar manufactures threaten to combine and to establish a sugar refinery in San Francisco for the purpose of fighting the trust.

Kirkwood, Del., is to have a kite-shaped trotting track. It will be the first of the kind in the east and will be opened on July 4.

John Parnell, brother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, has declined to contest Limerick for parliament.

Two Frenchmen fought a duel and one was wounded in the wrist.

California is about to order twenty car loads of special glass jars to hold her World's fair fruit display.

Herman Fleischsig, aged 35, formerly of Dresden, Germany, late of Belleville, Ills., committed suicide at Pana, Ills., by letting a train run over him.

Dr. Donovan of Pontiac, Ills., was rowdned in the Vermilio river.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Lansale, H C.; Stephen Conley, J O.; James Kelley, [illegible] C S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

P J Cahill, John T Kelly, J J Dillon, Henry Detmer, Dr M Brand, John C Schubert, T H Cannon, Ludger Drolet, J F Scanlan, John Bednors, N A Kirschten.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

Ali Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 183 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 852 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Cahiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 392 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas, Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuser, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latue, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—E Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 351 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 598 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomasetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 296 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Ashland av; Jos Kinsella, F S; W Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Somitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; T O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 226 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Dequise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m. 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottus, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallinan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Toefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 358 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's ball, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—R J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McCann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st., at 3 p. m.
County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 2—Patrick Cooney, Pres.; Box 63, Hegewisch, Ill. Louis Bruphy, V. P.; E. F. Brennen, Rec. Sec.; A. Haemon, Fin. sec.; Patrick Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 838 S. Leavitt st; Thomas O'Connell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month at 3 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st. Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. sec. Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5236 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2962 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres. 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Rielly, Rec. Sec., 325 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Duggan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 9 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, 9 Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Eigenman's Hall. South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Timothy Burke, Pres., 4716 Bishop st; Patrick Cummings, V. P.; D. O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; John B. O'Connor, Fin sec., Simon Neville, Treas.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec. Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. R. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Frendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec, F. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3302 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Brodericks, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 32—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3813 Lowe av; V P, T. P. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1035 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 5508 Jefferson av; V. P., M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Doheny, 6359 Honore V P, John Sheeby; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 68th and Halsted sts; Fin Sec, M H Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.
President, Rev. F. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.
First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.
Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.
Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.
Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.
Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1892.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 1010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
F. M. Lunday, 328 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E 8. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.
Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.
Secretary, John Mulvihill, 378 W. Erie st, Chicago.
Treasure John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.
County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.
County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first-st.
County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reardan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas, A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-Pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; Fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 349 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec sec, Edward Quinn, W 21st st; Fin sec, Thos. Morrissey, Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twenties st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourt; Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Pete Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larne Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 65 Brooks st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May st.

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 29th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

OFFICERS OF THE ARCHDIOCESAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

President, H. J. McGuire, 5133 Wentworth-av.
Vice-President, Walter J. Gibbons, 1 North Franklin-st.
Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N. Carpenter-st.
Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 43 Pine st.
Marshal, J. Doyle, 2294 E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 661 W. Lake-st. Pres, William J. Lamey, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., Job Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 226 N. Wood-st Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Close Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at new hall 29 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month at 8 p m. President, David I Barry, 22 Flum-st.; 1st V.-P., Barney Clyne 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry; Sec'y, J. J. Hackett, 239 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cusack, President, 92 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Asst Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes Marshal, E. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 4, 1870. Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts Pres, John W. Clancy, 401 S May st.; V.-P., Martin O'Connell; Sec, James Cleary, 362 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec., Alex Cairns; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, James

DEVLIN & CO.,

GROCERS,

Desire to notify their Patrons that they have

REMOVED TO

1615 S. STATE STREET.

NEAR SIXTEENTH ST. STATE ST. CARS PASS DOOR.

We are within a few doors of the largest Wholesale and Retail Meat Markets in this Country.

DEVLIN'S, Formerly 24 and 26 E. Randolph Street.

Calvary and Mt. Olivet Cemeteries.

Office Has Been Removed to Room 19, Reaper Block,

95 AND 97 SOUTH CLARK STREET,

Corner Washington Street.

THOMAS BRENAN.

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1892

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Organizers of Clubs and to Regular Subscribers.

No Irish-American Family Should Be Without a Copy of "The Citizen," The Champion of American Honor, and of Irish Liberty.

To Our Friends and Subscribers: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, The Citizen entered upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

Following are the splendid premiums offered to organizers of clubs and regular subscribers for the year 1892:

TO ORGANIZERS OF CLUBS.

1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

2. To any lady, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 50 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates, $2 each paid into this office, an exquisite gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine and warranted of first class workmanship.

3. To any gentleman who organizes a club of 25 absolutely new subscribers, at $2 each, paid into this office, a very handsome silver watch, Elgin make, size 18, and warranted first-class in every particular.

4. To any lady who organizes a club of 20 absolutely new subscribers at the above rates, a beautiful silver chatelaine watch, with chain; also warranted first class in every particular.

In making the foregoing offers, it must be distinctly understood that the terms must be complied with in every particular.

The premiums will be sent Free of Charge, by express or registered mail, in the city or country.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

1. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays a year in advance; and who sends in two additional cash subscriptions, a copy of Rand, McNally & Co.'s celebrated colored reversible map of the United States and of the World, worth $5, mounted ready for use, and delivered free in the city or country. Around the margin of this map is printed statistical and descriptive matter of more value than can be found in any volume that was ever published at three times the cost.

2. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays one year's subscription in advance, a handsome volume in cloth binding of the "Oxford" Library of Standard Works; or else a striking and artistic copy, in colors, of Meissonier's famous painting "Retreat from Moscow," containing excellent figures of the Great Napoleon, Marshal Ney, Marshal Berthier, Gen. Rapp and other military celebrities; or an equally meritorious copy of the world renowned biblical painting, "Christ Before Pilate"; or a spirited, artistically colored, representation, after Meissonier's painting of the charge of the French cavalry at the Battle of Friedland.

All these offers are open from this date, Jan. 2, 1892, and advantage should be taken of them as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows:

Individual subscriptions ....$2.50 each.
Club subscriptions, not less than five members..... $2.00 each.

Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-office Order, Express Order or Registered Mail.

Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

The Citizen Newspaper Co.

Chicago, Jan. 2, 1892.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
908 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors.
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIEN, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
249 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilisk,
113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING,
The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper,
No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.,
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison street,
Near Halsted.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
98 Portland Block, 107 Carborn-st.
Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981

CALL AND PAY A DEposit and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.
We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.
Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,
Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.
134 WEST MADISON ST.
Open Evenings and Sundays.

TELEPHONE NO. 3258. ESTABLISHED 1880.

UNION STEAM BOILER WORKS
JAS. LEONARD, Prop.,
Manufacturer of
Marine, Stationary & Locomotive Boilers, Tanks, Water Towers and Sheet Iron Work.
36, 38, 40 and 42 E. INDIANA ST.,
CHICAGO.
Repair Work of All Kinds a Specialty. Orders will receive Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. B. ROY. R. W. WOLFE.

ROY & WOLFE,
Real Estate, Insurance, Loans & Renting,
S.W. Cor. 51st-St & Wentworth-Av.
Telephone Yards 648.
SOUTH ENGLEWOOD PROPERTY A SPECIALTY.
Join us in our excursions to this beautiful suburb any Sunday on the Rock Island road. Train leaves VanBuren-st. depot at 1:15. We guarantee a profit of 25 per cent on your investments in any lots you may buy in our subdivision. Water, sewers and electric lights. Ample train and street-car facilities. Send or call for plat and price lists.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,
COR. WELLS AND HURON-STS.
Classes Tuesday and Thursday Evenings; admission 25c; private lessons $1.00; dancing every Sunday night under the management of
FRANKEL & REICHART.
Lodge Halls to rent.

THE
WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES
NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD CO. LESSEE
RUN
Fast Trains with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Fast Trains with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.
Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Tourist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash.
Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer, Mich.
For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.
S. R. Ainslie, General Manager, Chicago, Ill.
J. M. Hannaford, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.
H. C. Barlow, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
Jas. C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

WE WILL FURNISH YOUR HOUSE COMPLETE

FOR

PER WEEK, **$2.50** PER WEEK.

L. FISH,

THE EASY PAYMENT HOUSE FURNISHER,

1901 to 1911 STATE ST.,

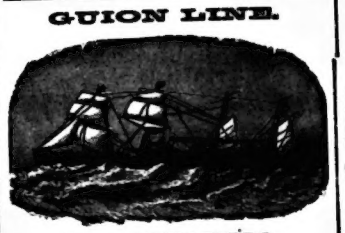
Opposite Archer Avenue.

Open Evenings Until 9 O'Clock.

WILLIAM B. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS. ROBERT P. BATES.

MASON, ENNIS & BATES,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Rooms 501 to 510 Northern Office Building,
86 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,
CHICAGO.

GUION LINE.



MAIL STEAMERS.
Alaska, Arizona, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Nevada.
EVERY SATURDAY BETWEEN
NEW YORK, QUEENSTOWN, LIVERPOOL.
Through Passage Tickets at Low Rates. Drafts on Dublin.
Cramer & Co.
General Western Agents,
60 S. Clark St., Sherman House,
CHICAGO, ILL.

When Going to Europe,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.
MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons. TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons.
BRITANNIC, GERMANIC, ADRIATIC,
SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, French, German and Scandinavian ports.
The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.
For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Gen'l Agent
29 Broadway, New York.
N. ANDERSON, Gen. Western Agent,
54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

INMAN LINE

UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
ESTABLISHED 1850.
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN.
The largest, fastest and most magnificent steamers in the world.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German & Scandinavian Ports.
Local Agents in all the principal towns in U. S.
Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.
FRANCIS C. BROWN, Gen'l Western Agent,
99 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No Salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

When sending for your friends
Bear This Fact In Mind, That
THE OLD RELIABLE
CUNARD LINE
Fast Express Mail Steamers
Established 1840,
has a whole fleet of floating palaces: "Etruria," "Umbria," "Aurania" and "Servia" sailing every Saturday from Liverpool and New York, and during the busy season fortnightly extras; also weekly sailings via Boston, making the
Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Service in the World.
Its character, record and general reputation for SPEED, COMFORT and SAFETY (having never lost a passenger in the 52 years of its existence) requires no comment.
Rates as low as by any First-Class Passenger Line Our Magnificent Mail Steamers are not expected to compete in rates with ships carrying cattle over and passengers returning.
Agents Wanted.
F. G. WHITING, Manager Western Dept.,
131 Randolph Street, Chicago.

Joseph Schlitz
Brewing
Company.
MILWAUKEE,
Represented by
EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.
Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.

KEELEY
Brewing Co.
MALTSTERS
AND
LAGER BEER
Brewers,
28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.
CHICAGO.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?
SEXTON, The Tea Man,
20 & 22 State street.
Branches. 60 Chicago av. 280 Blue Island av.

COOKE
Brewing Co.,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.
TELEPHONE 3298.

CONRAD SEIPP
BREWING CO.,
FOOT OF 27th STREET.
TELEPHONE 8350.
Chicago, Ill.
BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.
PILSENER BEER.

McAVOY
BREWING
COMPANY.
2349 SOUTH PARK AVENUE.
Pure Lager Beer. Fine Bottled Export.
AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres.
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.
TELEPHONE 8257.

NO CURE. NO PAY.
DR. KEAN,
The Eminent Special Physician.
ESTABLISHED 1864.
169 S. Clark St., Chicago.

John Naghten. M. J. Naghten.
John Naghten & Co.
Agents Virginia Fire & Marine Insurance Company of Richmond, Va.
181 LA SALLE ST.
TELEPHONE 523. CHICAGO, ILL.

Furniture, Stoves,
Carpets and Parlor Goods.
HENRY STUCKART,
2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

DAVID L. LEAHY. JOHN T. RYAN.
TELEPHONE 3225.
LEAHY & RYAN,

UNDERTAKING AND LIVERY,
2560 S. HALSTED-ST.,
Opposite Twenty-Sixth Street.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
Carriages Furnished for all occasions.